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THE

CLOUDS OF ARISTOPHANES

ADAPTED FOR PERFORMANCE BY THE

Oxford University Dramatic Society

1905

WITH

AN ENGLISH VERSION

BY

A. D. GODLEY

AND

C. BAILEY

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

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ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ.	ΠΑΣΙΑΣ	} δανεισταί.
ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΙΔΗΣ.	ΑΜΥΝΙΑΣ	
ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ.	ΜΑΘΗΤΗΣ ΣΩΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ.	
ΔΙΚΑΙΟΣ ΛΟΓΟΣ.	ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΟΥ.	
ΑΔΙΚΟΣ ΛΟΓΟΣ.	ΜΑΡΤΥΣ.	

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΝΕΦΕΛΩΝ.

ΜΑΘΗΤΑΙ, ΔΟΥΛΟΙ.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

STREPSIADES, an old man.	PASIAS	} Moneylenders.
PHIDIPPIDES, his son.	AMYNIAS	
SOCRATES.	A PUPIL OF SOCRATES.	
THE JUST ARGUMENT.	A SLAVE OF STREPSIADES.	
THE UNJUST ARGUMENT.	A FRIEND OF PASIAS.	

CHORUS OF CLOUDS.

PUPILS, SLAVES.

ΝΕΦΕΛΑΙ

ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΙΔΗΣ. ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ.

Στρ. Ἴου ἰού·

ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὸ χρέμα τῶν νυκτῶν ὅσον·
ἀπέραντον· οὐδέποθ' ἡμέρα γενήσεται;
καὶ μὴν πάλαι γ' ἀλεκτρύνος ἤκουσ' ἐγώ·
οἱ δ' οἰκέται ῥέγκουσιν· ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν πρὸ τοῦ. 5
ἀπόλοιο δῆτ', ὦ πόλεμε, πολλῶν οὖνεκα,
ὅτ' οὐδὲ κολάσ' ἔξεστί μοι τοὺς οἰκέτας.
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὁ χρηστὸς οὔτοσὶ νεανίας
ἐγείρεται τῆς νυκτός, ἀλλὰ πέρδεται
ἐν πέντε σισύραις ἐγκεκορδυλημένος. 10
ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ, ῥέγκωμεν ἐγκεκαλυμμένοι.—
ἀλλ' οὐ δύναμαι δεῖλαιος εὐδεν ὀκνόμενος
ὑπὸ τῆς δαπάνης καὶ τῆς φάτνης καὶ τῶν χρεῶν,
διὰ τουτονὶ τὸν νιόν. ὁ δὲ κόμην ἔχων
ἱππάζεται τε καὶ ξυνωρικεύεται 15
ὄνειροπολεῖ θ' ἵππους· ἐγὼ δ' ἀπόλλυμαι,
ὄρων ἄγουσαν τὴν σελήνην εἰκάδας·
οἱ γὰρ τόκοι χωροῦσιν. ἄπτε, παῖ, λύχνον,
κᾶκφερε τὸ γραμματεῖον, ἵν' ἀναγνῶ λαβὼν
ὅπόσοις ὀφείλω καὶ λογίσωμαι τοὺς τόκους. 20
φέρ' ἴδω, τί ὀφείλω; δώδεκα μνᾶς Πασίᾳ.
τοῦ δώδεκα μνᾶς Πασίᾳ; τί ἐχρησάμην;
ὅτ' ἐπριάμην τὸν κοππατίαν. οἴμοι τάλας,
εἴθ' ἐξεκόπην πρότερον τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν λίθῳ.

THE CLOUDS

ACT I

SCENE I

Interior of Strepsiades' house. Dawn.

[STREPSIADES, PHIDIPIDES, and slaves discovered in bed.]

Str. Oh Zeus in heaven! these awful endless nights!
Is there no hope? will daylight never come?
It's ages since I heard the first cock crow,
And still the slaves are snoring in their beds.
Time was when things were different, but now,
Thanks to this cursed war, I daren't so much
As try to punish one of my own slaves.
Just look! why, ev'n this model son of mine
Never lies awake at nights, but sleeps and snores
Nestling beneath four blankets and a rug.
Well, I must try—I'll settle down again.
No good! they're worse than fleas, these blessed
debts
And stable-bills and usurers' accounts—
And all for him. He curls his scented hair,
And rides, and drives his tandems, and at night
He dreams of horses—while I groan and watch
The moon bring near the day of reckoning.
For interest does not grow less with time.
(*To a slave*) Light the lamp, boy, and bring the
ledger here;
And let me count my creditors and reckon
What the sum comes to now—Let's add it up.
First, fifty pounds to Pasias: what for?
Why did I borrow that? Oh ah! to buy
That racer for my son—fool that I was—
A razor for my throat was what I wanted.

- Φει. Φίλων, ἀδικεῖς· ἔλαυνε τὸν σαντοῦ δρόμον. 25
- Στρ. τοῦτ' ἔστι τουτὶ τὸ κακὸν ὃ μ' ἀπολώλεκεν·
ὄνειροπολεῖ γὰρ καὶ καθεύδων ἵππικὴν.
- Φει. πόσους δρόμους ἔλα τὰ πολεμιστήρια;
- Στρ. ἐμὲ μὲν σὺ πολλοὺς τὸν πατέρ' ἐλαύνεις δρόμους.
ἀτὰρ τί χρέος ἔβα με μετὰ τὸν Πασίαν; 30
τρεῖς μναῖ διφρίσκου καὶ τροχοῖν Ἀμυνία.
- Φει. ἄπαγε τὸν ἵππον ἐξαλίσας οἴκαδε.
- Στρ. ἀλλ', ὦ μέλ', ἐξήλικας ἐμέ γ' ἐκ τῶν ἐμῶν,
ὅτε καὶ δίκας ὤφληκα χᾶτεροι τόκου
ἐνεχυράσασθαί φασιν. Φει. ἐτεόν, ὦ πάτερ, 35
τί δυσκοalaίνεις καὶ στρέφει τὴν νύχθ' ὄλην;
- Στρ. δάκνει με δήμαρχός τις ἐκ τῶν στρωμάτων.
- Φει. ἔασον, ὦ δαιμόνιε, καταδαρθεῖν τί με.
- Στρ. σὺ δ' οὖν κάθειυδε· τὰ δὲ χρέα ταῦτ' ἴσθ' ὅτι
εἰς τὴν κεφαλὴν ἅπαντα τὴν σὴν τρέψεται. 40
φεῦ.
εἴθ' ὦφελ' ἢ προμνήστρι' ἀπολέσθαι κακῶς,
ἥ τις με γῆμ' ἐπῆρε τὴν σὴν μητέρα·
ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἦν ἄγροικος ἥδιστος βίος,
εὐρωτιῶν, ἀκόρητος, εἰκῇ κείμενος,
βρύων μελίτταις καὶ προβάτοις καὶ στεμφύλοις. 45
ἔπειτ' ἔγημα Μεγακλέους τοῦ Μεγακλέους
ἀδελφιδῆν ἄγροικος ὦν ἐξ ἄστεως,
σεμνήν, τρυφῶσαν, ἐγκεκοισυρωμένην.
οὐ μὴν ἐρῶ γ' ὥς ἀργὸς ἦν, ἀλλ' ἐσπάθα. 53
ἐγὼ δ' ἂν αὐτῇ θοιμάτιον δεικνὺς τοδὶ
πρόφασιν ἐφασκον, ὦ γύναι, λίαν σπαθᾶς. 55
- Θερ. ἔλαιον ἡμῖν οὐκ ἔνεστ' ἐν τῷ λύχνῳ.
- Στρ. οἴμοι· τί γάρ μοι τὸν πότην ἥπτες λύχρον;
δεῦρ' ἔλθ', ἵνα κλάῃς. Θερ. διὰ τί δῆτα κλαύσομαι;
- Στρ. ὅτι τῶν παχειῶν ἐνετίθεις θρυαλλίδων.
μετὰ ταῦθ', ὅπως νῶν ἐγένεθ' υἱὸς οὐτοσί, 60

Phid. (*in his sleep*) Philon, you're cheating: keep to your own course.

Str. Ah! there's the curse that brought me to this pass:
Even in his sleep he dreams he's at the races.

Phid. How many laps do the chariots run to-day?

Str. A pretty score of laps you've made me run,
Your poor old father—After Pasias,
'Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear,'
Twelve pounds for car and wheels to Amyntias.

Phid. Give him a roll and take him home to stable.

Str. You've rolled me out of house and home, my son:
There's judgement out against me for my debts,
And now the lenders swear they will distraign
To get their interest.

Phid. (*waking up*) What is it, father?
What makes you toss and grumble all night long?

Str. It's common pleas—all biting me in bed.

Phid. Oh, my good father, let me sleep a bit.

Str. Well, sleep on then, but let me tell you this:
These debts will one day fall on your own head.
A curse on that match-making friend of mine
Who drove me into marrying your mother.
I dearly loved my pleasant country life:
Unwashed, unbrushed, I lay about the fields—
All among sheep and bees and olive-cakes—
Till Megacles, the son of Megacles,
Gave me his niece, a lady of the town,
An heiress, full of airs and dainty ways,
Matched with a country bumpkin from the fields—
I won't say she was wasteful, but it's true
She made the money spin, and many a time
I used to hold my rags before her eyes
And say, 'Look here, good wife, you spin too fast.'

Slave. The oil's burnt out, sir, and we've no more left.

Str. Then why on earth light such a thirsty lamp?
Come here, you'll suffer for it.

Slave. What for, sir?

Str. For putting in a great thick wick like that—
Well, later on, when this son here was born

ἔμοί τε δὴ καὶ τῇ γυναικὶ τὰγαθῇ,
 περὶ τοῦνόματος δὴ ἵκευθεν ἐλοιδορούμεθα·
 ἡ μὲν γὰρ ἵππον προσετίθει πρὸς τοῦνομα,
 Ξάνθιππον ἢ Χαίριππον ἢ Καλλιππίδην,
 ἐγὼ δὲ τοῦ πάππου ἑτιθέμην Φειδωνίδην. 65
 τέως μὲν οὖν ἐκρινόμεθ'· εἴτα τῷ χρόνῳ
 κοινῇ ξυνέβημεν καθέμεθα Φειδιππίδην.
 τοῦτον τὸν νῖον λαμβάνουσ' ἐκορίζετο,
 'ὅταν σὺ μέγας ὦν ἄρμ' ἐλαύνῃς πρὸς πόλιν,
 ὥσπερ Μεγακλῆς, ξυστὶδ' ἔχων.' ἐγὼ δ' ἔφην, 70
 'ὅταν μὲν οὖν τὰς αἶγας ἐκ τοῦ φελλέως,
 ὥσπερ ὁ πατήρ σου, διφθέραν ἐνημμένος.
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐπίθετο τοῖς ἐμοῖς οὐδὲν λόγους,
 ἀλλ' ἵππερόν μου κατέχεεν τῶν χρημάτων.
 νῦν οὖν ὄλην τὴν νύκτα φροντίζων ὁδοῦ 75
 μίαν εὖρον ἀτραπὸν δαιμονίως ὑπερφυᾶ,
 ἦν ἦν ἀναπέισω τουτονί, σῶθήσομαι.
 ἀλλ' ἐξεγείραι πρῶτον αὐτὸν βούλομαι.
 πῶς δῆτ' ἂν ἦδιστ' αὐτὸν ἐπεγείραιμι; πῶς;
 Φειδιππίδην, Φειδιππίδιον. Φει. τί, ὦ πάτερ; 80
 Στρ. κύσον με καὶ τὴν χεῖρα δὸς τὴν δεξιάν.
 Φει. ἰδοῦ. τί ἔστιν; Στρ. εἰπέ μοι, φιλεῖς ἐμέ;
 Φει. νῆ τὸν Ποσειδῶ τουτονί τὸν ἵππιον.
 Στρ. μὴ μοί γε τοῦτον μηδαμῶς τὸν ἵππιον·
 οὗτος γὰρ ὁ θεὸς αἰτιός μοι τῶν κακῶν. 85
 ἀλλ' εἴπερ ἐκ τῆς καρδίας μ' ὄντως φιλεῖς,
 ὦ παῖ, πιθοῦ μοι. Φει. τί δὲ πίθωμαι δῆτά
 σοι;
 Στρ. ἐκστρεψον ὥς τάχιστα τοὺς σαιτουὶ τρόπους,
 καὶ μάνθαν' ἐλθὼν ἂν ἐγὼ παραινέσω.
 Φει. λέγε δῆ, τί κελεύεις; Στρ. καὶ τι πείσει; Φει.
 πείσομαι, 90
 νῆ τὸν Διόνυσον. Στρ. δεῦρό νυν ἀπόβλεπε.

To me and my good wife, we set to work
And wrangled long and loud about his name.
She, being horsey, wanted 'hippos' in it,
Xanthippos or Chaerippos or Callippides :
I backed my father's name, Phidonides.
'So for a while' we quarrelled, but at last
We compromised upon Phidippides.
Then she would take him in her arms and babble,
'Think when you're a big man and drive to town
In a big coat like uncle Megacles.'
And I would add, 'Think when you drive the goats
Off the hillside, like father, in a smock.'
And yet he never listened to my words,
But spread this horse-plague over all my fortunes.
So now I've pondered on it all the night,
And only one small loophole can I find—
A great plan though, and if he likes, I'm saved.
Well, first he must be woken up—I wonder
How he likes being woken best? Let's try:
Phidippides—dearest Phidippides.

Phid. What d'you want, father?

Str. Give me your hand and kiss me.

Phid. There; what's the matter?

Str. Tell me, do you love me?

Phid. Of course, yes, by Poseidon, lord of horses.

Str. No, no, for heaven's sake, not the lord of horses.
He is the god who's caused me all this trouble.
But now, if you love me with all your heart,
Listen to me, my son.

Phid. Well, father, speak.

Str. I want you to turn over a new leaf
And go and learn what I am going to tell you.

Phid. Learn what?

Str. Well, will you listen?

Phid. Yes, I'll listen ;

Of course I will.

Str. Then, look out of the window.

- ὁρᾷς τὸ θύριον τοῦτο καὶ τῷ κίβδιον;
 Φει. ὁρῶ. τί οὖν τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐτεόν, ὦ πάτερ;
 Στρ. ψυχῶν σοφῶν τοῦτ' ἐστὶ φροντιστήριον.
 ἐνταῦθ' ἐνοικοῦσ' ἄνδρες οἱ τὸν οὐρανὸν 95
 λέγοντες ἀναπείθουσιν ὡς ἔστιν πνιγεύς,
 κᾶστιν περὶ ἡμᾶς οὗτος, ἡμεῖς δ' ἄνθρακες.
 οὔτοι διδάσκουσ', ἀργύριον ἦν τις διδῶ,
 λέγοντα νικᾶν καὶ δίκαια κᾶδικα.
 Φει. εἰσὶν δὲ τίνες; Στρ. οὐκ οἶδ' ἀκριβῶς τοῦνομα·
 μεριμνοφροντισταὶ καλοὶ τε καγαθοί. 101
 Φει. αἰβοῖ, ποιηροὶ γ', οἶδα. τοὺς ἀλαζόνας,
 τοὺς ὠχριῶντας, τοὺς ἀνυποδήτους λέγεις,
 ὧν ὁ κακοδαίμων Σωκράτης καὶ Χαιρεφῶν.
 Στρ. ἦ ἦ, σιώπα· μηδὲν εἵπης νήπιον. 105
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι κήδει τῶν πατρώων ἀλφίτων,
 τούτων γενοῦ μοι, σχασάμενος τὴν ἵππικὴν.
 Φει. οὐκ ἂν μὰ τὸν Διόνυσον, εἰ δοῖης γέ μοι
 τοὺς φασιανοὺς οὓς τρέφει Λεωγόρας.
 Στρ. ἴθ', ἀντιβολῶ σ', ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνθρώπων ἐμοί. 110
 ἐλθὼν διδάσκου. Φει. καὶ τί σοι μαθήσομαι;
 Στρ. εἶναι παρ' αὐτοῖς φασιν ἄμφω τὸ λόγῳ,
 τὸν κρείττον', ὅστις ἐστί, καὶ τὸν ἥττονα.
 τούτοις τὸν ἕτερον τοῖν λόγῳ, τὸν ἥττονα,
 νικᾶν λέγοντά φασι τᾷ δικώτερον. 115
 ἦν οὖν μάθης μοι τὸν ἄδικον τοῦτον λόγον,
 ἃ νῦν ὀφείλω διὰ σέ, τούτων τῶν χρεῶν
 οὐκ ἂν ἀποδοίην οὐδ' ἂν ὀβολὸν οὐδενί.
 Φει. οὐκ ἂν πιθολίμην· οὐ γὰρ ἂν τλαίην ἰδεῖν
 τοὺς ἱππέας τὸ χρώμα διακεκναισμένους. 120
 Στρ. οὐκ ἄρα μὰ τὴν Δήμητρα τῶν γ' ἐμῶν ἔδει,
 οὔτ' αὐτὸς οὔθ' ὁ ζύγιος οὔθ' ὁ σαμφόρας·
 ἀλλ' ἐξελῶ σ' ἐς κόρακας ἐκ τῆς οἰκίας.
 Φει. ἀλλ' οὐ περιόψεται μ' ὁ θεῖος Μεγακλῆς

D'you see that gate and the little house beyond?

Phid. Yes, *I* see: but what is the little house?

Str. The Thinking-School of philosophic minds.
Within it live the men who by their words
Show us that heaven is—a cooking-stove
Set all around us, and we are—the coals.
And they can teach us, if we pay a fee,
To win our suits, just and unjust alike.

Phid. Who are they?

Str. Well, I don't quite know their names,
But they're philosophers and gentlemen.

Phid. Humph! scoundrels, I bet. I know whom you
mean,

Those pale-faced, barefoot wind-bags, taught and led
By poor old Socrates and Chaerephon.

Str. Hush, hush, my son, don't talk so hastily!
If you care for your father's bread and butter,
You'll join the school and let the turf go hang.

Phid. By heaven, I won't, no, not for all the pheasants
Bred in the coverts of Leogoras.

Str. My dear good boy, I beg you, I beseech you,
Do go and learn.

Phid. And pray, what can they teach?

Str. It's said they keep in there two Arguments,
The Better, as they call it, and the Worse:
And of these two the Worse, as rumour goes,
Can always win, however bad its plea.
If you will learn this Unjust Argument,
Of all the debts which you have brought on me,
I needn't ever pay a single penny.

Phid. No good! I couldn't face the Knights again,
Once 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.'

Str. Then not another mouthful will I give you,
You and your wheeler and your thoroughbred.
Out of my house at once: go to the dogs.

Phid. Oh! uncle Megacles won't leave me horseless.

- ἄνιππον. ἄλλ' εἴσειμι, σοῦ δ' οὐ φροντιῶ. 125
- Στρ. ἄλλ' οὐδ' ἐγὼ μέντοι πεσών γε κείσομαι·
ἄλλ' εὐξάμενος τοῖσιν θεοῖς διδάξομαι
αὐτὸς βαδίζων εἰς τὸ φροντιστήριον.
πῶς οὖν γέρων ὦν καπιλήσμων καὶ βραδὺς
λόγων ἀκριβῶν σκινδαλάμους μαθήσομαι; 130

I don't care that for you: I'll go at once.

[Exit PHIDIPPIDES.

Str. I've had a blow, but I won't take it lying;

I'll pray to all the gods and go myself

And learn what they can teach me in the School.

(*He pauses*) I'm old and slow and short in memory :

How can I learn hair-splitting arguments?

[Exit STREPSIADES.

ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. ΜΑΘΗΤΗΣ.

- Στρ. ἱτητέον. τί ταῦτ' ἔχων στραγγεύομαι,
 ἀλλ' οὐχὶ κόπτω τὴν θύραν; παῖ, παιδίον.
- Μαθ. βάλλ' ἐς κόρακας· τίς ἐσθ' ὁ κόψας τὴν θύραν;
- Στρ. Φεῖδωνος υἱὸς Στρεψιάδης Κικυννόθεν.
- Μαθ. ἀμαθὴς γε νῆ Δί', ὅστις οὐτωςὶ σφόδρα 135
 ἀπεριμερίμνως τὴν θύραν λελάκτικας
 καὶ φροντῖδ' ἐξήμβλωκας ἐξευρημένην.
- Στρ. σύγγνωθί μοι· τηλοῦ γὰρ οἰκῶ τῶν ἀγρῶν.
 ἀλλ' εἰπέ μοι τὸ πρᾶγμα τοῦξημβλωμένον.
- Μαθ. ἀλλ' οὐ θέμις πλὴν τοῖς μαθηταῖσιν λέγειν. 140
- Στρ. λέγε νυν ἐμοὶ θαρρῶν· ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐτοσὶ
 ἦκω μαθητὴς εἰς τὸ φροντιστήριον.
- Μαθ. λέξω. νομίσαι δὲ ταῦτα χρή μυστήρια.
 ἀνῆρετ' ἄρτι Χαιρεφῶντα Σωκράτης
 ψύλλαν ὀπόσους ἄλλοιτο τοὺς αὐτῆς πόδας· 145
 δακοῦσα γὰρ τοῦ Χαιρεφῶντος τὴν ὀφρῦν
 ἐπὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν τὴν Σωκράτους ἀφήλατο.
- Στρ. πῶς τοῦτο διεμέτρησε; Μαθ. δεξιώτατα.
 κηρὸν διατήξας, εἴτα τὴν ψύλλαν λαβὼν
 ἐνέβαψεν εἰς τὸν κηρὸν αὐτῆς τὸ πόδε, 150
 καὶ ψυγέσει περιέφυσαν Περσικαί.
 ταύτας ὑπολύσας ἀνεμέτρει τὸ χωρίον.
- Στρ. ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ τῆς λεπτότητος τῶν φρενῶν. 153
- Μαθ. ἐχθὲς δέ γ' ἡμῶν δεῖπνον οὐκ ἦν ἐσπέρας. 175
- Στρ. εἶεν· τί οὖν πρὸς τάλφιτ' ἐπαλαμῆσατο;
- Μαθ. κατὰ τῆς τραπέζης καταπάσας λεπτὴν τέφραν,
 κάμψας ὀβελίσκον, εἴτα διαβήτην λαβὼν,

SCENE II

The Court of the Thinking-School.

[PUPILS engaged in various scientific pursuits. STREPSIADES
seen at the gate.]

Str. Well, I must go: it's no use dawdling here.
I'll knock at once. Hullo there!

Pupil. Get along!
Who in the world's this knocking at the door?

Str. Strepsiades, Phidon's son, born at Cicynna.

Pup. At least you're no philosopher, my friend;
You kicked our door so loud and thoughtlessly,
That our experiments have all gone wrong.

Str. Pardon—'I dwell among the untrodden ways.'
But tell me what it was that all went wrong.

Pup. That none may hear but Socrates' disciples.

Str. Then tell me quickly, for I too, my friend,
Have come as a disciple to the School.

Pup. Then listen, but remember these are mysteries.
This morning Socrates asked Chaerephon
How many flea's feet a sound flea could jump:
For one that bit the brow of Chaerephon
Alighted on the head of Socrates.

Str. How did he measure it?

Pup. Most cleverly;
He warmed some wax and firmly grasped the flea
And dipt its feet into the melted wax;
So when it cooled, the flea had waxen slippers;
These he removed and measured out the jump.

Str. Ye gods in heaven, what ingenuity!

Pup. Then, too, last night we found we had no dinner.

Str. How did he conjure for your bread and butter?

Pup. By the Gymnasium there stands an altar:
On it he spread a thin layer of ashes,
Then bent a spit and so made compasses,

- ἐκ τῆς παλαστρας θοϊμάτιον ὑφείλετο.
 Στρ. τί δῆτ' ἐκείνον τὸν Θαλῆν θανμάζομεν; 180
 ἄνοιγ' ἄνοιγ' ἀνύσας τὸ φροντιστήριον,
 καὶ δείξον ὥς τάχιστα μοι τὸν Σωκράτην.
 μαθητιῶ γάρ· ἀλλ' ἄνοιγε τὴν θύραν.
 ὦ Ἡράκλεις, ταυτὶ ποδαπὰ τὰ θηρία;
 Μαθ. τί ἐθαύμασας; τῷ σοι δοκοῦσιν εἰκέναι; 185
 Στρ. τοῖς ἐκ Πύλου ληφθεῖσι, τοῖς Λακωνικοῖς.
 ἀτὰρ τί ποτ' ἐς τὴν γῆν βλέπουσιν οὗτοί;
 Μαθ. ζητοῦσιν οὗτοι τὰ κατὰ γῆς. Στρ. βολβούς ἄρα
 ζητοῦσι. μή νυν τοῦτό γ' ἔτι φροντίζετε·
 ἐγὼ γὰρ οἶδ' ἵν' εἰσὶ μεγάλοι καὶ καλοί. 190
 τί γὰρ οἶδε δρῶσιν οἱ σφόδρ' ἐγκεκυφότες;
 Μαθ. οὗτοι δ' ἐρεβοδιφῶσιν ὑπὸ τὸν Τάρταρον.
 Στρ. τί δῆθ' ὁ πρῶκτος ἐς τὸν οὐρανὸν βλέπει;
 Μαθ. αὐτὸς καθ' αὐτὸν ἀστρονομεῖν διδάσκεται.
 ἀλλ' εἴσιθ', ἵνα μὴ 'κεῖνος ὑμῖν ἐπιτύχη. 195
 Στρ. μήπω γε, μήπω γ'. ἀλλ' ἐπιμεινάντων, ἵνα
 αὐτοῖσι κοινώσω τι πραγμάτων ἐμόν.
 Μαθ. ἀλλ' οὐχ οἶόν τ' αὐτοῖσι πρὸς τὸν ἀέρα
 ἔξω διατρίβειν πολλὴν ἄγαν ἐστὶν χρόνον.
 Στρ. πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, τί γὰρ τάδ' ἐστίν; εἰπέ μοι. 200
 Μαθ. ἀστρονομία μὲν αὕτη. Στρ. τουτὶ δὲ τίς;
 Μαθ. γεωμετρία. Στρ. τοῦτ' οὖν τί ἐστι χρήσιμον;
 Μαθ. γῆν ἀναμετρεῖσθαι. Στρ. πότερα τὴν κληρουχικὴν;
 Μαθ. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ τὴν σύμπασαν. Στρ. ἀστεῖον λέγεις.
 τὸ γὰρ σόφισμα δημοτικὸν καὶ χρήσιμον. 205
 Μαθ. αὕτη δέ σοι γῆς περίοδος πάσης. ὁρᾷς;
 αἶδε μὲν Ἀθήναι. Στρ. τί σὺ λέγεις; οὐ πείθομαι,
 ἐπεὶ δικαστὰς οὐχ ὁρῶ καθημένους.
 Μαθ. ὥς τοῦτ' ἀληθῶς Ἀττικὸν τὸ χωρίον.
 Στρ. καὶ ποῦ Κικυννῆς εἰσὶν οὐμοὶ δημόται; 210
 Μαθ. ἐνταῦθ' ἐνεισιω. ἡ δέ γ' Εὐβοί, ὥς ὁρᾷς,

- And compassed the abduction of the cloak.
- Str.* Thales of old was but a fool to this!
Make haste, make haste, open the door for me
And show me Socrates at once. I yearn
To be his pupil. Let me in, I pray.
[*The pupil opens the gate and STREPSIADES comes in.*]
Ye gods in heaven, what strange beasts are these?
- Pup.* What is the matter? What d'you take them for?
- Str.* They're like the captives from Sphacteria.
Why are these fellows gazing at the ground?
- Pup.* They want to find what lies beneath the earth.
- Str.* Truffles you mean: don't trouble about that.
I know where you can find them fine and large.
But what are those at, bending down so low?
- Pup.* They're probing the thick darkness below Hell.
- Str.* But what's his back at, gazing up at Heaven?
- Pup.* Learning astronomy on its own account.
(*To the pupils*) Come in, my friends, don't let him
find you there.
- Str.* No, no, not yet: please let them stay a minute.
I must consult them on my little troubles.
- Pup.* They really mustn't stay outside too long:
Exposure to the air's so bad for them.
[*Exeunt pupils.*]
- Str.* Good gracious! what's all this? do please explain.
- Pup.* This is astronomy.
- Str.* And what's that there?
- Pup.* Geometry.
- Str.* What is the good of it?
- Pup.* To measure land.
- Str.* Do you mean our allotments?
- Pup.* No, the whole earth.
- Str.* A splendid notion, that.
So useful and so public-spirited.
- Pup.* Here is a map of the whole world. D'you see?
Here we have Athens.
- Str.* No, I don't believe you;
I don't see any judges on the bench.
- Pup.* But I'm not joking: this is Attica.
- Str.* And please, where is Cicynna, where I live?
- Pup.* It's just here; and Euboea, as you see,

ἡδὲ παρατέταται μακρὰ πόρρω πάνν.

Στρ. οἶδ'· ὑπὸ γὰρ ἡμῶν παρετάθη καὶ Περικλέους.
ἀλλ' ἡ Λακεδαίμων ποῦ 'στιν; Μαθ. ὅπου 'στίν;
αὐτή.

Στρ. ὥς ἐγγὺς ἡμῶν. τοῦτο πάνν φροντίζετε, 215
ταύτην ἀφ' ἡμῶν ἀπαγαγεῖν πόρρω πάνν.

Μαθ. ἀλλ' οὐχ οἶόν τε. Στρ. νῆ Δί', οἰμώξεσθ' ἄρα.
φέρε τίς γὰρ οὗτος οὐπὶ τῆς κρεμάθρας ἀνὴρ;

Μαθ. αὐτός. Στρ. τίς αὐτός; Μαθ. Σωκράτης. Στρ.
ὦ Σώκρατες.

ἴθ' οὗτος, ἀναβόησον αὐτόν μοι μέγα. 220

Μαθ. αὐτὸς μὲν οὖν σὺ κάλεσον· οὐ γάρ μοι σχολή.

Στρ. ὦ Σώκρατες,
ὦ Σωκρατίδιον.

ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ.

τί με καλεῖς, ὦ 'φήμερε;

Στρ. πρῶτον μὲν ὃ τι δρᾷς, ἀντιβολῶ, κάτειπέ μοι.

Σω. ἀεροβατῶ καὶ περιφρονῶ τὸν ἥλιον. 225

Στρ. ἔπειτ' ἀπὸ ταρροῦ τοὺς θεοὺς σὺ περιφρονεῖς,
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀπὸ τῆς γῆς, εἶπερ; Σω. οὐ γὰρ ἄν ποτε
ἐξεύρον ὀρθῶς τὰ μετέωρα πράγματα,
εἰ μὴ κρεμάσας τὸ νόημα καὶ τὴν φροντίδα
λεπτὴν καταμίξας εἰς τὸν ὅμοιον ἀέρα. 230

εἰ δ' ὦν χαμαὶ τάνω κάτωθεν ἐσκοποῦν,
οὐκ ἄν ποθ' εὔρον· οὐ γὰρ ἀλλ' ἡ γῆ βία
ἔλκει πρὸς αὐτὴν τὴν ἱκμάδα τῆς φροντίδος.
πάσχει δὲ ταῦτο τοῦτο καὶ τὰ κάρδαμα.

Στρ. τί φῆς; 235

ἡ φροντίς ἔλκει τὴν ἱκμάδ' εἰς τὰ κάρδαμα;
ἴθι νυν, κατάβηθ', ὦ Σωκρατίδιον, ὥς ἐμέ,
ἵνα με διδάξης ὦνπερ οὐνεκ' ἐλήλυθα.

Σω. ἦλθες δὲ κατὰ τί; Στρ. βουλόμενος μαθεῖν λέγειν.

Stretches out here ever so far along.

Str. Yes, we and Pericles gave it a stretch.

But where is Sparta?

Pup. Don't you see, just here.

Str. That's much too near us; please think out some plan
To move it a good long way further off.

Pup. It can't be done.

Str. Then we shall suffer for it.

[*SOCRATES is seen suspended in a basket.*]

Hullo! who ever's that up in the basket?

Pup. The Master.

Str. Who's the Master?

Pup. Socrates.

Str. Oh! Socrates! please call him for me, sir.

Pup. No, call yourself. I really haven't time:
I'm busy. [*Exit pupil.*]

Str. Socrates, dear Socrates.

Socr. What wilt thou, mortal, and why call'st thou me?

Str. First tell me, please, what you are doing there.

Socr. I tread the air and look upon the sun.

Str. But why d'you choose to look upon the gods
From up there in your basket in the sky,
And not down here on earth, if that's your trade?

Socr. I never could have found the final truth
Of things celestial, unless I'd fix'd
My mind on high, and mingled all my thoughts
With the wide sky, their kinsman. Nay, on earth,
Had I gazed up at wonders in the heaven,
I had found nothing. For the earth by force
Draws to itself the moisture of the soul,
As the soil's moisture passes into cress.

Str. What? does the soul draw moisture into cress?
Oh! please come down to me, dear Socrates,
And teach me what I've come to you to learn.

[*SOCRATES descends from the basket.*]

Socr. Why have you come?

Str. I want to learn to speak:

- ὑπὸ γὰρ τόκων χρήστων τε δυσκολωτάτων 240
 ἄγομαι, φέρομαι, τὰ χρήματ' ἐνεχυράζομαι.
- Σω. πόθεν δ' ὑπόχρεως σαντὸν ἔλαθες γενόμενος;
- Στρ. νόσος μ' ἐπέτριψεν ἱππική, δευνὴ φαγεῖν.
 ἀλλὰ με δίδαξον τὸν ἕτερον τοῖν σοῖν λόγοις,
 τὸν μηδὲν ἀποδιδόντα. μισθὸν δ' ὄντιν' ἂν 245
 πράττη μ' ὁμοῦμαί σοι καταθήσῃ τοὺς θεοὺς.
- Σω. ποίους θεοὺς ὁμεῖ σύ; πρῶτον γὰρ θεοὶ
 ἡμῖν νόμισμ' οὐκ ἔστι. Στρ. τῷ γὰρ ὄμνυτ'; ἢ
 σιδαρέοισιν, ὥσπερ ἐν Βυζαντίῳ;
- Σω. βούλει τὰ θεῖα πράγματ' εἰδέναι σαφῶς 250
 ἅττ' ἔστιν ὀρθῶς; Στρ. νῆ Δί', εἴπερ ἔστι γε.
- Σω. καὶ ξυγγενέσθαι ταῖς Νεφέλαισιν ἐς λόγους,
 ταῖς ἡμετέραισι δαίμοσιν; Στρ. μάλιστά γε.
- Σω. κάθιζε τοῖνυν ἐπὶ τὸν ἱερὸν σκίμποδα.
- Στρ. ἰδοὺ κάθημαι. Σω. τουτονὶ τοῖνυν λαβὲ 255
 τὸν στέφανον. Στρ. ἐπὶ τί στέφανον; οἴμοι,
 Σώκρατες,
 ὥσπερ με τὸν Ἀθάμανθ' ὅπως μὴ θύσετε.
- Σω. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ πάντας ταῦτα τοὺς τελουμένους
 ἡμεῖς ποιούμεν. Στρ. εἴτα δὴ τί κερδανῶ;
- Σω. λέγειν γενήσῃ τρίμμα, κρόταλον, παιπάλῃ. 260
 ἀλλ' ἔχ' ἀτρεμεῖ. Στρ. μὰ τὸν Δί', οὐ ψεύσει
 γέ με·
 καταπαττόμενος γὰρ παιπάλῃ γενήσομαι.
- Σω. εὐφημεῖν χρὴ τὸν πρεσβύτερον καὶ τῆς εὐχῆς ὑπακούειν.
 ὦ δέσποτ' ἄναξ, ἀμέτρητ' Ἀήρ, ὃς ἔχεις τὴν γῆν
 μετέωρον,
 λαμπρὸς τ' Αἰθήρ, σεμναὶ τε θεαὶ Νεφέλαι βρον-
 τησικέραννοι, 265
 ἄρθητε, φάνητ', ὦ δέσποιναί, τῷ φροντιστῇ μετέωροι.
- Στρ. μήπω μήπω γε, πρὶν ἂν τουτὶ πτύξωμαι, μὴ κατα-
 βρεχθῶ.

For usurers and angry creditors
Have plundered me and threaten to evict me.

Socr. How did you fall into this state of debt?

Str. The horse-plague seized me, and it spreads apace.
But teach me one of your two Arguments,
The one that never pays its debts. And then
Whatever fee you ask for, I will swear
By all the gods in heaven to pay it you.

Socr. Gods, did you say? well, learn this first of all,
Gods are not current with philosophers.

Str. What do you swear by then? Are iron coins
Your currency, as in Byzantium?

Socr. Would you learn clearly of all things divine
And know the truth?

Str. By Zeus, yes, if I may.

Socr. And come to converse with the holy Clouds
Who are our goddesses?

Str. Indeed, I would.

Socr. Then take your seat upon the sacred mattress.

Str. Well, I've sat down.

Socr. Stretch out your hand to me
And take this wreath.

Str. What for? oh! Socrates,
Don't sacrifice me like poor Athamas.

Socr. Of course not: this is what we do to all
Who seek initiation.

Str. What's the gain?

Socr. You'll be as sounding brass, the flower of speakers.
[*Pours flour over him.*]

But do keep quiet.

Str. Yes, you're quite right there.
I'll soon be flour and nothing else, I guess.

Socr. Now, old man, keep holy silence: listen to our
solemn prayer.

Thou who hold'st the earth in balance, lord and
master, boundless Air,
Azure sky, and queens of thunder, Clouds, to whom
we bow the knee,
Rise and shine on high before us, for our novice
here to see.

Str. Wait a minute, let me wrap up tight before the rain
begins.

τὸ δὲ μὴδὲ κυνὴν οἴκοθεν ἐλθεῖν ἐμὲ τὸν κακοδαίμον'
ἔχοντα.

Σω. ἔλθετε δῆτ', ὦ πολυτίμητοι Νεφέλαι, τῷδ' εἰς
ἐπίδειξιν·

εἴτ' ἐπ' Ὀλύμπου κορυφαῖς ἱεραῖς χιονοβλήτοισι
κάθησθε, 270

εἴτ' Ὀκεανοῦ πατρὸς ἐν κήποις ἱερὸν χορὸν ἴστατε
Νύμφαις,

εἴτ' ἄρα Νείλου προχοαῖς ὑδάτων χρυσέαις ἀρύεσθε
προχοῖσιν,

ἥ Μαιῶτιν λίμνην ἔχετ' ἥ σκόπελον νιφόεντα Μί-
μαντος·

ἐπακούσατε δεξάμεναι θυσίαν καὶ τοῖς ἱεροῖσι χα-
ρεῖσθαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

ἀέναισι Νεφέλαι, 275

ἀρθῶμεν φανεραὶ δροσερὰν φύσιν εὐάγητον,

πατρὸς ἀπ' Ὀκεανοῦ βαρναχέος

ὑψηλῶν ὀρέων κορυφὰς ἐπὶ

δενδροκόμους, ἵνα 280

τηλεφανοῦς σκοπιᾶς ἀφορώμεθα

καρπούς τ' ἀρδομέναν θ' ἱερὰν χθόνα,

καὶ ποταμῶν ζαθέων κελαδήματα,

καὶ πόντον κελάδοντα βαρύβρομον·

ὄμμα γὰρ αἰθέρος ἀκάματον σελαγείται 285

μαρμαρέαις ἐν αὐγαῖς.

ἀλλ' ἀποσεισάμεναι νέφος ὄμβριον

ἀθανάτας ἰδέας ἐπιδώμεθα

τηλεσκόπῳ ὄμματι γαῖαν. 290

Σω. ὦ μέγα σεμναὶ Νεφέλαι, φανερώς ἠκούσατέ μου
καλέσαντος.

ἥσθου φωνῆς ἅμα καὶ βροντῆς μυκησαμένης θεοσέπτου;

Only think, I left my cap at home behind me, for my sins.

Socr. Come then, Clouds, whom we delight to honour, show your holy forms,

Whether on Olympus' peaks ye sit among the snows and storms,

Or in Ocean's bowers ye lead the dance, while laughing Nymphs behold,

Or at Nile's outpouring draw his waters in your jars of gold,

Whether now ye haunt Macotis' lake or Mimas' snowy height,

Heed the sacrifice we offer, hearken to our holy rite.

Chor. (invisible). Clouds, arise!

Loud-resounding Ocean's daughters,
Blown of winds and born of waters,
Floating ever through the skies,—

Rise we higher, till we rest

On the mountain leafy-tressed,

From that beacon-height espying

Holy Earth before us lying,

Watered mead and fruitful hill,

Stream divine and murmuring rill,

Seas whose boisterous billows roar

Ever on the sounding shore:—

Now that Ether's tireless eye

Flashes forth in brilliancy,

Let our bright eternal form

Doff its veil of rain and storm:

Earth is fair before our eyes,—

Clouds, arise!

Socr. High and holy Ladies, now I know ye hearkened to my cry.

Dost not hear the voice immortal in the thunderclap on high?

οὐ μὴ σκώψεις, μηδὲ ποιήσεις ἅπερ οἱ τρυγοδαίμονες
οὔτοι,
ἀλλ' εὐφήμει· μέγα γάρ τι θεῶν κινεῖται σμήνος
αἰοδαῖς.

Χορ. παρθένοι ὄμβροφόροι,
ἔλθωμεν λιπαρὰν χθόνα Παλλάδος, εὐάνδρον γὰν 300
Κέκροπος ὀψόμεναι πολυήρατον·
οὐ σέβας ἀρρήτων ἱερῶν, ἵνα
μυστοδόκος δόμος
ἐν τελεταῖς ἀγίαις ἀναδείκνυται,
οὐρανίοις τε θεοῖς δωρήματα, 305
ναοὶ θ' ὑψερεφεῖς καὶ ἀγάλματα,
καὶ πρόσοδοι μακάρων ἱερώταται,
εὐστέφανοί τε θεῶν θυσίαι θαλαίαι τε,
παντοδαπαῖς ἐν ὥραις, 310
ἥρι τ' ἐπερχομένῳ Βρομία χάρις,
εὐκελάδων τε χορῶν ἐρεθίσματα,
καὶ Μοῦσα βαρύβρομος αὐλῶν.

Στρ. πρὸς τοῦ Διὸς ἀντιβολῶ σε, φράσον, τίνες εἶς', ὦ
Σώκρατες, αὐται
αἱ φθεγξάμεναι τοῦτο τὸ σεμνόν; μῶν ἡρῶναί
τινές εἰσιν; 315

Σω. ἥκιστ', ἀλλ' οὐράνιαι Νεφέλαι, μεγάλαι θεαὶ ἀνδρά-
σιν ἀργοῖς·
αἷπερ γνώμην καὶ διάλεξιν καὶ νοῦν ἡμῖν παρέχουσι,
καὶ τερατεῖαν καὶ περίλεξιν καὶ κροῦσιν καὶ κατά-
ληψιν.

Στρ. ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἀκούσας αὐτῶν τὸ φθέγμ' ἡ ψυχὴ μου
πεπότηται,
καὶ λεπτολογεῖν ἤδη ζητεῖ καὶ περὶ καπνοῦ στενο-
λεσχεῖν, 320
καὶ γνωμιδίῳ γνώμην νύξας' ἐτέρῳ λόγῳ ἀντιλο-
γῆσαι·

Jeer no more, and don't behave like country clowns
on holidays;

Hold thy peace, a mighty host is roused to listen
to our lays.

Chor.

Haste amain,
Maids of rain!

Sister maidens, haste to see
All the fair Palladian lea,
View the lovely pleasant land,
Home of Cecrops' warrior band!
There are wrought in holy fear
Rites that none may speak or hear:
There the novice perfect made
Enters through the mystic portals,
There are sacrifices paid
Duly unto heaven's immortals;
Temples rise with lofty column,
Stands the statue's sculptured grace,
Crowds devout in order solemn
Wend unto the holy place:
All the year are banquets spread,
Victims duly garlanded,—
Still each new returning spring
Doth the joy of Bromius bring,
Brings the tuneful choirs that vie
In their festal minstrelsy,
Brings the flute's resounding strain,—
Thither, thither haste amain,
Maids of rain!

Str. Tell me who these ladies are, please don't say no;
I must be told

Why they have such solemn voices: are they
heroines of old?

Socr. No, they are the Clouds of heaven, patrons of our
idle sect:

These are they who give us judgement, logic, wit
and intellect,

(*aside*) With periphrasis and humbug, power to
overawe and cheat.

Str. That's the reason, when I heard them, why my
heart began to beat,

Why it longs to quibble subtly and to split a thousand
hairs

Piercing wit with witticisms, coupling arguments in
pairs.

- ὥστ', εἴ πως ἔστιν, ἰδεῖν αὐτὰς ἤδη φανερώς ἐπιθυμῶ.
 Σω. βλέπε νυν δευρὶ πρὸς τὴν Πάρνηθ'. ἤδη γὰρ ὀρῶ
 κατιούσας
 ἡσυχῇ αὐτάς. Στρ. φέρε, ποῦ; δείξον. Σω.
 χωροῦσ' αὐται πάνν πολλαί,
 διὰ τῶν κόιλων καὶ τῶν δασέων, αὐται πλάγαι.
 Στρ. τί τὸ χρήμα; 325
 ὥς οὐ καθορῶ. Σω. παρὰ τὴν εἴσοδον. Στρ.
 ἤδη νυνὶ μόλις οὕτως.
 Σω. νῦν γέ τοι ἤδη καθορᾶς αὐτάς, εἰ μὴ λημᾶς κολοκύνταις.
 Στρ. νῆ Δί' ἔγωγ', ὦ πολυτίμητοι, πάντα γὰρ ἤδη
 κατέχουσι.
 Σω. ταύτας μέντοι σὺ θεὰς οὔσας οὐκ ἤδεις οὐδ' ἐνόμιζες;
 Στρ. μὰ Δί', ἀλλ' ὀμίχλην καὶ δρόσον αὐτὰς ἡγούμην καὶ
 καπνὸν εἶναι. 330
 Σω. οὐ γὰρ μὰ Δί' οἶσθ' ὅτι πλείστους αὐται βόσκουσι
 σοφιστάς,
 θουριομάντεις, ἰατροτέχνας, σφραγιδουνχαργοκομήτας,
 κυκλίων τε χορῶν ἄσματοκάμπτας, ἄνδρας μετεωρο-
 φένακας,
 οὐδὲν δρῶντας βόσκουσ' ἀργούς, ὅτι ταύτας μου-
 σοποιοῦσιν.
 Στρ. ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἐποίουν ὑγρᾶν Νεφελᾶν στρεπταιγλᾶν
 δάϊον ὀρμάν, 335
 πλοκάμους θ' ἑκατογκεφάλα Τυφῶ, πρημαινούσας τε
 θυέλλας,
 εἴτ' ἀερίας, διεράς, γαμψοὺς οἰωνοὺς ἀερονηχεῖς,
 ὄμβρους θ' ὑδάτων δροσερᾶν Νεφελᾶν· εἴτ' ἀντ'
 αὐτῶν κατέπινον
 κεστρᾶν τεμάχη μεγαλᾶν ἀγαθᾶν, κρέα τ' ὀρνίθεια
 κιηλᾶν.
 Σω. διὰ μέντοι τάσδ' οὐχὶ δικαίως; Στρ. λέξον δή
 μοι, τί παθοῦσαι, 340

If I may, I should so like to see the ladies face to face.

Socr. Turn your eyes then to Mount Parnes, for with slow and silent pace

I can see them now descending.

(The Clouds begin to appear.)

Str. Show me where—

Socr. There, crowding down
Through the glens and through the thickets all
across the mountain's crown.

Str. Where d'you mean? I can't yet see them.

Socr. By the entrance-door behind.

Str. Now I see.

Socr. Well, if you can't, you must be quite
'high-gravel blind.'

Str. Now I feel their holy presence: they are filling all
the sky.

Socr. Didn't you believe before the Clouds were goddesses
on high?

Str. No indeed, I used to think them mist and vapour,
smoke and dew.

Socr. Then you never knew they nurtured all our worthy
sophist-crew;

Seers like Lampon, quacks and doctors, swells
with rings and well-trimmed nails,

Up-to-date musicians, men of science with their
wondrous tales,

All of these, because they hymn their praise, they
keep in idle crowds.

Str. That is why they sing 'the onset of the gleaming
watery Clouds'

And 'the blasting storms' and 'hundred-headed
Typho's streaming hair,'

And 'pellucid atmospheric taloned birds that swim
the air'

And 'the showers of dewy cloud-banks'; and the
Clouds, by way of pay,

Feed them all on pickled salmon, grouse and partridge every day.

Socr. Well, they've served the Clouds to get it.

Str. That may be, but let me hear

- εἶπερ νεφέλαι γ' εἰσὶν ἀληθῶς, θνηταῖς εἴξασι
 γυναιξίν;
 οὐ γὰρ ἐκείνα γ' εἰσὶ τοιαῦται. Σω. φέρε, ποῖαι
 γάρ τινές εἰσι;
- Στρ. οὐκ οἶδα σαφῶς· εἴξασιν δ' οὖν ἐρίοισιν πεπτα-
 μένοισι,
 κούχλιν γυναιξίν, μὰ Δί', οὐδ' ὅτιοῦν· αὐται δὲ ῥίνας
 ἔχουσιν.
- Σω. ἀπόκριναί νυν ἄτ' ἂν ἔρωμαι. Στρ. λέγε νυν
 ταχέως ὃ τι βούλει. 345
- Σω. ἤδη ποτ' ἀναβλέψας εἶδες νεφέλην Κενταύρῳ ὁμοίαν
 ἢ παρδάλει ἢ λύκῳ ἢ ταύρῳ; Στρ. νῆ Δί' ἔγωγ'.
 εἶτα τί τοῦτο;
- Σω. γίνονται πάνθ' ὃ τι βούλονται· κατ' ἣν μὲν ἴδωσι
 κομήτην, 348
 σκώπτουσαι τὴν μανίαν αὐτοῦ Κενταύροις ἵκασαν
 αὐτάς. 350
 καὶ νῦν γ' ὅτι Κλεισθένη εἶδον, ὄρας, διὰ τοῦτ'
 ἐγένοντο γυναῖκες. 355
- Στρ. χαίρετε τοίνυν, ὧ δέσποιναι· καὶ νῦν, εἶπερ τι καὶ ἄλλῳ,
 οὐρανομήκη ῥήξατε κάμοι φωνήν, ὧ παμβασίλειαι.
- Χορ. χαῖρ', ὧ πρεσβῦτα παλαιογενές, θηρατὰ λόγων φιλο-
 μόνων·
 σύ τε, λεπτοτάτων λήρων ἱερεῦ, φράζε πρὸς ἡμᾶς
 ὃ τι χρήσεις·
 οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἄλλῳ γ' ὑπακούσαιμεν τῶν νῦν μετεω-
 ροσοφιστῶν 360
 πλὴν ἢ Προδίκῳ, τῷ μὲν σοφίας καὶ γνώμης οὐνεκα,
 σοὶ δέ,
 ὅτι βρενθύει τ' ἐν ταῖσιν ὁδοῖς καὶ τῷ φθαλμῷ παρα-
 βάλλεις,
 κἀνυπόδητος κακὰ πόλλ' ἀνέχει κατ' ἡμῖν σεμνο-
 προσωπεῖς.

Why they look like girls, if they are clouds. Those others don't, up there.

Socr. What do clouds up there look like then?

Str. Well, I don't exactly know:
More like fleeces pulled about than women. These have noses too.

Socr. Now please answer what I ask you.

Str. Ask me anything you wish.

Socr. Haven't you sometimes looked up and seen a cloud like beast or fish,

Say, a leopard or a Centaur?

Str. Oftener than I can tell.

Socr. They become then what they want to. If they see a long-haired swell,

Just to parody his folly, they'll become a shaggy bull.

Now they've made themselves like girls, because they've seen some girlish fool.

Str. Hail then, Ladies, and if ever ye have raised your voice on high,

Rend the heavens now with your thunders, queens of earth and sea and sky.

Chor. Hail, old man of hoary visage, seeker for the Muses' lore,

Hail, high-priest of subtlest nonsense, tell us what you want us for.

To no other would we listen of the sophists now-a-days,

Save to Prodicus, whose wit and wisdom we shall ever praise,

And to you, because you strut along the streets and roll your eyes,

Going barefoot, suffering insults, honouring us as mysteries.

Στρ. ὦ Γῆ τοῦ φθέγματος, ὡς ἱερὸν καὶ σεμνὸν καὶ τε-
ρατῶδες.

Σω. αὐται γάρ τοι μόναι εἰσὶ θεαί· τᾶλλα δὲ πάντ' ἐστὶ
φλύαρος. 365

Στρ. ὁ Ζεὺς δ' ἡμῖν, φέρε, πρὸς τῆς Γῆς, οὐλύμπιος οὐ
θεός ἐστιν;

Σω. ποῖος Ζεὺς; οὐ μὴ ληρήσεις· οὐδ' ἐστι Ζεὺς. Στρ.
τί λέγεις σύ;

ἀλλὰ τίς ὕει; τουτὶ γὰρ ἔμοιγ' ἀπόφηναι πρῶτον
ἀπάντων.

Σω. αὐται δῆπου· μεγάλοις δέ σ' ἐγὼ σημείοις αὐτὸ
διδάξω.

φέρει, ποῦ γὰρ πώποτ' ἄνευ Νεφελῶν ὕοντ' ἤδη
τεθέασαι; 370

καίτοι χρῆν αἰθρίας ὕειν αὐτόν, ταύτας δ' ἀποδημεῖν.

Στρ. νῆ τὸν Ἀπόλλω, τοῦτό γέ τοι τῷ νυνὶ λόγῳ εὖ
προσέφυσας·

ἀλλ' ὅστις ὁ βροντῶν ἐστι φράσον, τοῦθ' ὃ με ποιεῖ
τετρεμαίνειν.

Σω. αὐται βροντῶσι κυλινδόμεναι. Στρ. τῷ τρόπῳ, ὦ
πάντα σὺ τολμῶν; 375

Σω. ὅταν ἐμπλησθῶσ' ὕδατος πολλοῦ κάναγκασθῶσι
φέρεσθαι,

κατακρημνόμεναι πλήρεις ὄμβρου δι' ἀνάγκην, εἶτα
βαρεῖται

εἰς ἀλλήλας ἐμπίπτουσαι ρήγνυνται καὶ παταγοῦσιν.

Στρ. ὁ δ' ἀναγκάζων ἐστὶ τίς αὐτάς, οὐχ ὁ Ζεὺς, ὥστε
φέρεσθαι;

Σω. ἤκιστ', ἀλλ' αἰθέριος δῖνος. Στρ. Δῖνος; τοῦτί μ'
ἐλελήθει, 380

ὁ Ζεὺς οὐκ ὤν, ἀλλ' ἀντ' αὐτοῦ Δῖνος νυνὶ βασιλεύων.

ἀλλ' ὁ κεραυνὸς πόθεν αὖ φέρεται λάμπων πυρί, τοῦτο
διδάξον, 395

Str. What a voice, how sweet and solemn and mysterious it seems.

Socr. Yes, for they alone are holy : other gods are empty dreams.

Str. What ! d'you mean that Zeus is not god, Zeus in heaven, on whom we call ?

Socr. Zeus, d'you say ? now don't talk drivel ; Zeus does not exist at all.

Str. What ! Who makes the rain then ? tell me that, and I shall be content.

Socr. Why the Clouds : I'll prove it to you by convincing argument.

Have you ever seen rain falling, when the clouds weren't passing by ?

If it's Zeus who rains, he ought to do it from a cloudless sky.

Str. That's a clever point, I grant you, neatly used to back your case.

But who is it then that thunders, when I cower and hide my face ?

Socr. Why, the rolling clouds make thunder.

Str. What d'you mean ? that's blasphemy.

Socr. When they're teeming full of water and are forced across the sky,

Big with rain and bulging downwards, moving at a fearful rate,

Charging each against the next, they burst and crash with all their weight.

Str. But who is it drives them onwards ? do you think it's Zeus, or not ?

Socr. No, the atmospheric vortex.

Str. Vortex ! yes, I quite forgot : Zeus does not exist, but Vortex rules instead of him to-day.

Tell me then, whence comes the lightning, flashing on its murderous way,

καὶ καταφρύγει βάλλον ἡμᾶς, τοὺς δὲ ζῶντας περι-
φλύει;

τοῦτον γὰρ δὴ φανερώς ὁ Ζεὺς ἔησ' ἐπὶ τοὺς ἐπι-
όρκους.

Σω. καὶ πῶς, ὦ μῶρε σὺ καὶ Κρονίων ὄζων καὶ βεκ-
κεσέληνε,

εἴπερ βάλλει τοὺς ἐπιόρκους, πῶς οὐχὶ Σίμων'
ἐνέπρησεν

οὐδὲ Κλεώνυμον οὐδὲ Θέωρον; καίτοι σφόδρα γ' εἴσ'
ἐπιόρκοι·

400

ἀλλὰ τὸν αὐτοῦ γε νεῶν βάλλει καὶ Σούνιον ἄκρον
'Αθηνέων,

καὶ τὰς δρῦς τὰς μεγάλας· τί μαθών; οὐ γὰρ δὴ δρῦς
γ' ἐπιорκεῖ.

Στρ. οὐκ οἶδ'· ἀτὰρ εὖ σὺ λέγειν φαίνει. τί γὰρ ἐστὶν δῆθ'
ὁ κεραυνός;

Σω. ὅταν εἰς ταύτας ἄνεμος ξηρὸς μετεωρισθεὶς κατα-
κλεισθῇ,

ἐνδοθεν αὐτὰς ὥσπερ κύστιν φυσᾷ, κάπειθ' ὑπ'
ἀνάγκης

405

ρήξας αὐτὰς ἔξω φέρεται σοβαρὸς διὰ τὴν πυκνότητα,
ὑπὸ τοῦ ροίβδου καὶ τῆς ρύμης αὐτὸς ἑαυτὸν κατα-
καίων.

Στρ. νῆ Δί', ἐγὼ γοῦν ἀτεχνῶς ἔπαθον τουτί ποτε Δια-
σίοισιν·

ᾧπτων γαστέρα τοῖς συγγενέσιν, κἄτ' οὐκ ἔσχων
ἀμελήσας·

ἢ δ' ἄρ' ἐφυσᾷτ', εἴτ' ἐξαίφνης διαλακήσασα πρὸς
αὐτῶ

410

τῷφθαλμῷ μου προσετίλησεν καὶ κατέκαυσεν τὸ
πρόσωπον.

Χορ. ὦ τῆς μεγάλης ἐπιθυμίας σοφίας ἄνθρωπε παρ'
ἡμῶν,

Burning some of us to cinders, scorching those it
does not kill?

Surely Zeus must send the flash to punish those
who thwart his will.

Socr. Good old-fashioned fool, your theories date from
some pre-lunar age.

If Zeus really smites the sinners, how has Simon
shunned his rage,

And some others I might mention? they are sinners,
every one.

But instead it's his own temple that he smites and
Sunion,

Or some great tall oak, and why, pray? Surely
oaks do nothing rash.

Str. I don't know: you may be right, but please, what
is the lightning-flash?

Socr. When the dry wind once gets caught inside the
clouds far up on high,

It inflates them like a bladder: then by its own
density

Rushes forth in angry whirlwind, breaking through
its cloudy frame,

And through stress of rush and whirlwind bursts in
fury into flame.

Str. Well, I swear, it's just what happened at the festival
to me:

I was roasting a fine haggis for my friends and
family;

Like a fool I had not slit it, and it swelled, and in
a trice

Burst in two and burnt my face black, and dis-
figured both my eyes.

Chor. Mortal, who art come to us to learn the new philo-
sophy,

ὥς εὐδαίμων ἐν Ἀθηναίοις καὶ τοῖς Ἑλλησι γενήσῃ,
εἰ μνημῶν εἴ καὶ φροντιστῆς καὶ τὸ ταλαίπωρον
ἔνεστιν

ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ, καὶ μὴ κάμνεις μήθ' ἐστὼς μήτε βαδίζων,
μήτε ῥιγῶν ἄχθῃ λίαν, μήτ' ἀριστᾶν ἐπιθυμῆς, 416
οἴνου τ' ἀπέχει καὶ γυμνασίων καὶ τῶν ἄλλων
ἀνοήτων,

καὶ βέλτιστον τοῦτο νομίζεις, ὅπερ εἰκὸς δεξιὸν ἄνδρα,
νικᾶν πράττων καὶ βουλεύων καὶ τῇ γλώττῃ πο-
λεμίζων.

Στρ. ἀλλ' ἔνεκέν γε ψυχῆς στερεῆς δυσκολοκοίτου τε
μερίμνης, 420

καὶ φειδωλοῦ καὶ τρυσιβίου γαστρὸς καὶ θυμβρεπι-
δείπνου

ἀμέλει, θαρρῶν εἵνεκα τούτων ἐπιχαλκεύειν παρέχοιμ'
ἄν.

Σω. ἄλλο τι δῆπ' οὐ νομεῖς ἤδη θεὸν οὐδένα πλὴν ἅπερ
ἡμεῖς,

τὸ Χάος τουτὶ καὶ τὰς Νεφέλας καὶ τὴν γλῶτταν,
τρία ταυτί;

Στρ. οὐδ' ἂν διαλεχθείην γ' ἀτεχνῶς τοῖς ἄλλοις, οὐδ' ἂν
ἀπαντῶν 425

οὐδ' ἂν θύσαιμ', οὐδ' ἂν σπείσαιμ', οὐδ' ἐπιθείην
λιβανωτόν.

Χορ. λέγε νυν ἡμῖν ὃ τι σοι δρῶμεν θαρρῶν, ὥς οὐκ
ἀτυχήσεις,

ἡμᾶς τιμῶν καὶ θαυμάζων καὶ ζητῶν δεξιὸς εἶναι.

Στρ. ὦ δέσποιναι, δέομαι τοίνυν ὑμῶν τουτὶ πάνν μικρόν,
τῶν Ἑλλήνων εἶναί με λέγειν ἑκατὸν σταδίοισιν
ἄριστον. 430

Χορ. ἀλλ' ἔσται σοι τοῦτο παρ' ἡμῶν ὥστε τὸ λοιπόν γ'
ἀπὸ τουδὶ

ἐν τῷ δῆμῳ γνώμας οὐδεὶς νικήσει πλείονας ἢ σύ.

Happier than all in Athens, yea, in Hellas shalt thou be,
If thou hast but thought and memory and endurance in thy heart,
Never weariest, walking, standing, nor, however cold thou art,
Utterest complaint, nor ever long'st for lunch when at thy job,
But abjurest wine, athletics, and the follies of the mob,
And for thine ideal takest, what befits a man of parts,
In debate to be victorious and in all the statesman's arts.

Str. If a heart of oak can help me, and an ever wakeful care,
And a strong and thrifty stomach, that can feed on humble fare,
So far I shall prove an anvil you may smite on without fear.

Socr. Well then, you must have none other god but those we worship here,
Chaos yonder, and the Cloud-banks, and the glib Tongue, just these three—

Str. Why, I won't so much as speak to other gods I chance to see.
They shall have no more burnt-offerings: not a drop of wine I'll pour:
Not a pinch of incense will I waste on any altar more.

Chor. Tell us boldly what you want then, for you'll never fail again,
If you honour us aright and always try to use your brain.

Str. Holy Ladies, I will tell you: mine is but a small demand,
Only just to be ten miles the smartest speaker in the land.

Chor. That we certainly can grant you: from this day we here decree
No one else shall carry resolutions more successfully.

Στρ. μὴ ἴμοί γε λέγειν γνώμας μεγάλας· οὐ γὰρ τούτων
ἐπιθυμῶ,
ἀλλ' ὅσ' ἐμαυτῷ στρεψοδικῆσαι καὶ τοὺς χρήστας
διολισθεῖν.

Χορ. τεύξει τοίνυν ὦν ἱμέρεις· οὐ γὰρ μεγάλων ἐπιθυμεῖς.
ἀλλὰ σεαυτὸν θαρρῶν παράδος τοῖς ἡμετέροις προ-
πόλοισι. 436

Στρ. δράσω ταῦθ' ὑμῖν πιστεύσας· ἡ γὰρ ἀνάγκη με πιέζει
διὰ τοὺς ἵππους τοὺς κοππατίας καὶ τὸν γάμον, ὅς
μ' ἐπέτριψεν.

νῦν οὖν τούτῳ χρήσθων ἀτεχνῶς
ὅ τι βούλονται.

τουτὶ τό γ' ἐμὸν σῶμ' αὐτοῖσι 440

παρέχω τύπτειν, πεινῆν, διψῆν,

αὐχμεῖν, ῥίγων, ἀσκὸν δείρειν,

εἴπερ τὰ χρέα διαφευξοῦμαι,

τοῖς τ' ἀνθρώποις εἶναι δόξω

θρασύς, εὐγλωττος, τολμηρός, ἴτης, 445

βδελυρός, ψευδῶν συγκολλητής,

εὐρησιεπής, περίτριμμα δικῶν,

κύρβις, κρόταλον, κίναδος, τρύμη,

μάσθλης, εἴρων, γλοιός, ἀλαζών,

κέντρων, μιαρός, στρόφισ, ἀργαλέος, 450

ματιολοιχός.

ταῦτ' εἴ με καλοῦσ' ἀπαντῶντες,

δρώντων ἀτεχνῶς ὅ τι χρήζουσιν·

κεῖ βούλονται,

νῆ τὴν Δήμητρ' ἔκ μου χορδὴν 455

τοῖς φροντισταῖς παραθέντων.

Χορ. λῆμα μὲν πάρεστι τῷδ' ἔγ'

οὐκ ἄτολμον, ἀλλ' ἔτοιμον. ἴσθι δ' ὥς

ταῦτα μαθὼν παρ' ἐμοῦ κλέος οὐρανόμηκες

ἐν βροτοῖσι 460

Str. Goodness me, not resolutions: that's not what I have in mind:

Only to deceive the court and leave my creditors behind.

Chor. You shall have your heart's desire then: for we own it is not large:

Only pluck up heart and trust yourself to our attendants' charge.

Str. Well, I'll trust you and I'll do it: for I'm very badly hit

Thanks to my good son's new racers and my marriage, curse on it.

So now let them take me and do what they will:

I give them my body for good or for ill;

To be hungry and thirsty and flogged black and blue,

To be frozen or flayed to make tops for a shoe,

If I can but escape from this horrible debt,

And appear to the world as a glib parroquet,

A go-ahead villain, whom nothing confutes,

A concocter of libels, a shirker of suits,

A code-book on wheels, or a cymbal of brass,

A double-dyed knave, who parades as an ass,

An impostor, a braggart, a bird from the gaol,

A turn-coat, a hard nut, a lick of the pail.

If they'll call me these names, when they meet me in town,

They may do what they like, now they've made me their own;

Yes, at last, if they want, they may cut out my inners,

And serve me as tripe at philosophers' dinners.

Chor. Well, he's certainly got pluck,

He'll be smart and use his luck.

If you'll learn what we can teach,

Your renown shall straightway reach

Up from earth beyond the skies.

- Στρ. τί πείσομαι; Χορ. τὸν πάντα χρόνον μετ' ἐμοῦ
ζηλωτότατον βίον ἀνθρώπων διάξεις.
- Στρ. ἄρά γε τοῦτ' ἄρ' ἐγὼ ποτ' 465
ὄψομαι; Χορ. ὥστε γε σοῦ πολλοὺς ἐπὶ ταῖσι
θύραις ἀεὶ καθῆσθαι,
βουλομένους ἀνακοινοῦσθαι τε καὶ ἐς λόγον ἐλθεῖν,
πράγματα κἀντιγραφὰς πολλῶν ταλάντων,
ἄξια σῇ φρενί, συμβουλευσομένους μετὰ σοῦ. 475
ἀλλ' ἐγχείρει τὸν πρεσβύτην ὃ τι περ μέλλεις προ-
διδάσκειν,
καὶ διακίνει τὸν νοῦν αὐτοῦ, καὶ τῆς γνώμης ἀποπειρῶ.
- Σω. ἄγε δὴ, κάτειπέ μοι σὺ τὸν σαυτοῦ τρόπον,
ἵν' αὐτὸν εἰδῶς ὅστις ἐστὶ μηχανὰς
ἤδη 'πὶ τούτοις πρὸς σέ καινὰς προσφέρω. 480
- Στρ. τί δέ; τειχομαχεῖν μοι διανοεῖ, πρὸς τῶν θεῶν;
- Σω. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ βραχέα σου πυθέσθαι βούλομαι.
ἢ μνημονικὸς εἶ; Στρ. δύο τρόπῳ νῆ τὸν Δία·
ἦν μὲν γὰρ ὀφείληται τί μοι, μνῆμων πάνν·
ἐὰν δ' ὀφείλω σχέτλιος, ἐπιλήσμων πάνν. 485
- Σω. ἔνεστι δῆτά σοι λέγειν ἐν τῇ φύσει;
- Στρ. λέγειν μὲν οὐκ ἔνεστ', ἀποστερεῖν δ' ἔνι.
- Σω. πῶς οὖν δυνησεί μανθάνειν; Στρ. ἀμέλει, καλῶς.
- Σω. ἄγε νυν ὅπως, ὅταν τι προβάλωμαι σοφὸν
περὶ τῶν μετεώρων, εὐθέως ὑφαρπάσει. 490
- Στρ. τί δαί; κυνηδὸν τὴν σοφίαν σιτήσομαι;
- Σω. ἄνθρωπος ἀμαθὴς οὔτοσὶ καὶ βάρβαρος.
δέδοικά σ', ὦ πρεσβῦτα, μὴ πληγῶν δέει.
φέρ' ἴδω, τί δρᾷς, ἦν τίς σε τύπτῃ; Στρ. τύπτομαι,
ἔπειτ' ἐπισχὼν ὀλίγον ἐπιμαρτύρομαι, 495
εἴτ' αὖθις ἀκαρῇ διαλιπὼν δικάζομαι.
- Σω. ἴθι νυν, κατάθου θοίμάτιον. Στρ. ἡδίκηκά τι;
- Σω. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ γυμνοὺς εἰσιέναι νομίζεται.
κατάθου. τί ληρεῖς; Στρ. εἰπὲ δὴ νύν μοι τοδί.

Str. What is my fate?

Chor. For the rest of your days
You shall live with me here, and have every one's
praise.

Str. Shall I see this with my eyes?

Chor. Yes, countless crowds shall come to visit you at
home,
To tell you all their troubles and consult you on
their wits:
You'll advise them on their pleas, their demurrers
and their fees,
You will win them many thousands, and you'll
exercise your wits.
Take the old man, Socrates, and see what you can
teach him best;
Stir his mind a bit with questions, put his judgement
to the test.

Socr. Come tell me now how matters stand with you,
That I may know your case and bring to bear
Some maxims from the new philosophy.

Str. Maxims, d'you say? You're not going to besiege me.

Socr. No, but I want to ask you a few questions.
Have you a memory?

Str. Well, it acts in two ways;
When something's owed me, I remember well,
When I'm in debt, I cannot help forgetting.

Socr. Have you by nature got the gift of speech?

Str. I've not much gab, but I'm not bad at grab.

Socr. How can you learn then?

Str. That'll be all right.

Socr. Well, let's begin; when I throw out some theory
On astronomy, mind you swallow it.

Str. Am I to gulp down learning like a dog?

Socr. The man's an ignoramus and a boor.

I fear, old man, you really need a beating.

Suppose that some one hits you, what d'you do?

Str. First I get hit: then after a little while

I go to the police-court: then again

After a little wait take out a summons.

Socr. Come now, take off your cloak.

Str. D'you want to beat me?

Socr. Our rule is novices must enter stripped.

Don't talk, but take it off.

Str. Well, tell me this.

- ἦν ἐπιμελὴς ᾧ καὶ προθύμως μανθάνω, 501
 τῷ τῶν μαθητῶν ἐμφερὴς γενήσομαι;
 Σω. οὐδὲν διοίσεις Χαιρεφῶντος τὴν φύσιν.
 Στρ. οἶμοι κακοδαίμων, ἡμιθυὴς γενήσομαι.
 Σω. οὐ μὴ λαλήσεις, ἀλλ' ἀκολουθήσεις ἐμοὶ 505
 ἀνύσας τι δευρὶ θάπτον; Στρ. ἐς τὴν χεῖρέ νυν
 δός μοι μελιτοῦτταν πρότερον· ὥς δέδοικ' ἐγὼ
 εἶσω καταβαίνων ὥσπερ εἰς Τροφωνίον.
 Σω. χώρει· τί κυπτάσεις ἔχων περὶ τὴν θύραν;
 Χορ. ἀλλ' ἴθι χαίρων τῆς ἀνδρείας 510
 εἵνεκα ταύτης.
 εὐτυχία γένοιτο τὰν-
 θρώπων, ὅτι προήκων
 ἐς βαθὺ τῆς ἡλικίας
 νεωτέροις τὴν φύσιν αὐ- 515
 τοῦ πράγμασι χρωτίζεται
 καὶ σοφίαν ἐπασκεῖ.
 ὑψιμέδοντα μὲν θεῶν 563
 Ζῆνα τύραννον ἐς χορὸν
 πρῶτα μέγαν κικλήσκω· 565
 τόν τε μεγασθενὴ τριαίνης ταμίαν,
 γῆς τε καὶ ἁλμυρᾶς θαλάσσης ἄγριον μοχλευτήν·
 καὶ μεγαλῶνυμον ἡμέτερον πατέρ',
 Αἰθέρα σεμνότατον, βιοθρέμμονα πάντων· 570
 τόν θ' ἱππονώμαν, ὃς ὑπερ-
 λάμπροισ ἀκτῖσι κατέχει
 γῆς πέδον, μέγας ἐν θεοῖς
 ἐν θνητοῖσί τε δαίμων.
 ᾧ σοφώτατοι θεαταί, δεῦρο τὸν νοῦν προσέχετε.
 ἡδίκημένοι γὰρ ὑμῖν μεμφόμεσθ' ἐναντίον· 576
 πλείστα γὰρ θεῶν ἀπάντων ὠφελούσαις τὴν πόλιν,
 δαιμόνων ἡμῖν μόναις οὐ θύετ' οὐδὲ σπένδετε,
 αἵτινες τηροῦμεν ὑμᾶς. ἦν γὰρ ἢ τις ἐξοδος

If I am careful and learn readily,
Which of your pupils shall I get most like?

Socr. I'm sure you'll prove a second Chaerephon.

Str. Good heavens, I'll be more than half a ghost.

Socr. Now please don't talk, but follow me at once;
Come this way quickly.

Str. Place the sacred cake
In my hands first: oh dear! I don't much like
Descending like this into the mouth of Hell.

Socr. Go on, don't stand there gibbering round the door.

[*Exeunt* SOCRATES and STREPSIADES.]

Chor. Luck be with thee, valiant heart—
Fare thee well, and so depart!
O happy and blest be the elderly man
Who, 'spite of his years, of the Modern a lover is,
Who resolves to be clever as well as he can
And completely *au fait* with the latest discoveries!
To thee, the chiefest and the first of all,
High God of Gods, we reverently call—

Great Zeus, be near!

And thou, the trident's wielder, shaking ever
Earth and salt ocean with tremendous lever,
Poseidon, hear!

Thou too, our father, mighty Name of awe,
Whence all things living life and nurture draw,
Hail, holy Sky,—

Guiding thy chariot thro' the heavenly height,
Pouring o'er earth the splendour of thy light,
'Mongst men and gods a deity of might,

Sun, hear our cry!

You, my audience sage and clever, grant me your
attention, pray.

We complain that you have used us in a most im-
proper way:

We who more than all immortals benefit your state
and you,

We alone have no libation, ne'er receive an offering
due:

Yet we save you: when to senseless expeditions
you're inclined,

μηδεὺν ξὺν νῶ, τότ' ἢ βροντῶμεν ἢ ψακάσομεν. 580
 εἶτα τὸν θεοῖσιν ἐχθρὸν βυρσοδέψην Παφλαγόνα
 ἡνίχ' ἤρειςθε στρατηγόν, τὰς ὀφρὺς συνήγομεν
 κάποιοῦμεν δεινά· βροντὴ δ' ἐρράγη δι' ἀστραπῆς·
 ἢ σελήνη δ' ἐξέλειπε τὰς ὁδοὺς· ὁ δ' ἥλιος
 τὴν θρυαλλίδ' εἰς ἑαυτὸν εὐθέως ξυνελκύσας 585
 οὐ φανεῖν ἔφασκεν ὑμῖν, εἰ στρατηγήσει Κλέων.
 ἀλλ' ὅμως εἴλεσθε τοῦτον. φασὶ γὰρ δυσβουλίαν
 τῇδε τῇ πόλει προσεῖναι, ταῦτα μέντοι τοὺς θεοὺς
 ἄττ' ἂν ὑμεῖς ἐξαμάρτητ', ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον τρέπειν.
 ὥς δὲ καὶ τοῦτο ξυνοίσει ῥαδίως διδάξομεν. 590
 ἦν Κλέωνα τὸν λάρων δώρων ἐλόντες καὶ κλοπῆς,
 εἶτα φιμώσητε τούτου τῷ ξύλῳ τὸν αὐχένα,
 αὐθις ἐς τὰρχαῖον ὑμῶν, εἴ τι κάξημάρτετε,
 ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον τὸ πρᾶγμα τῇ πόλει συνοίσεται.
 ἀμφί μοι αὖτε, Φοῖβ' ἄναξ 595
 Δῆλιε, Κυνθίαν ἔχων
 ὑψικέρατα πέτραν·
 ἦ τ' Ἐφέσον μάκαιρα πάγχρυσον ἔχεις
 οἶκον, ἐν ᾧ κόραι σε Λυδῶν μεγάλως σέβουσιν· 600
 ἦ τ' ἐπιχώριος ἡμετέρα θεός,
 αἰγίδος ἡνίοχος, πολιοῦχος Ἀθάνα·
 Παρνασίαν θ' ὅς κατέχων
 πέτραν σὺν πένκαις σελαγεῖ
 Βάκχαις Δελφίσιν ἐμπρέπων, 605
 κωμαστῆς Διόνυσος.

Then we send you rain and thunder, so that you
may change your mind :
When you chose the cursed tanner, Paphlagonian
base and vile,
Making him your chief commander, mind you how
we frowned the while,
How we stormed, and how the thunder roared amid
the lightning's blaze,
How the moon in indignation nearly left her wonted
ways?
Then the sun put out his candle, saying with an
angry air,
'If you must be led by Cleon, go and get your
light elsewhere !'
Yet you did elect the fellow. Foolish is your city
still ;
But the gods ('tis said) correct it, bringing blessing
out of ill :
Though you make a bad beginning, somehow still
you muddle through :
And from e'en your latest error hear how good
may come to you—
Prove the bribes that Cleon's taking, prove the
public cash he steals,
Clap the cormorant in prison, lay him safely by the
heels,
Then the maxim's truth confirming, though at times
you slip and fall,
That will be a genuine blessing which will quite
atone for all !

From the high rocky crag of thy Cynthian hold
Come, Phoebus our king, from the Delian shore :
Come, Ephesus' queen, from thy palace of gold,
Where the maidens of Lydia thy favour implore :
And come, O thou goddess we claim as our own,
Athenes the shield-girt, who guardest our town !
And thou who dost roam with the bands that
adore thee
O'er peaks of Parnassus, thy nightly resort,
While torches in darkness flash wildly before thee,
O come, Dionysus, for revel and sport !

ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ. ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. ΧΟΡΟΣ.

- Σω. Μὰ τὴν Ἀναπνοήν, μὰ τὸ Χάος, μὰ τὸν Ἀέρα, 627
οὐκ εἶδον οὕτως ἄνδρ' ἀγροικὸν οὐδένα
οὐδ' ἄπορον οὐδὲ σκαιὸν οὐδ' ἐπιλήσιμονα·
ὅστις σκαλαθυρμάτι' ἄττα μικρὰ μανθάνων 630
ταῦτ' ἐπιλέλησται πρὶν μαθεῖν· ὅμως γε μὴν
αὐτὸν καλῶ θύραζε δευρὶ πρὸς τὸ φῶς.
ποῦ Στρεψιάδης; ἔξει τὸν ἀσκάντην λαβών;
- Στρ. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔωσί μ' ἐξενεγκεῖν οἱ κόρεις.
- Σω. ἀνύσας τι κατάθου, καὶ πρόσεχε τὸν νοῦν. Στρ. ἰδοῦ.
- Σω. ἄγε δὴ, τί βούλει πρῶτα νυνὶ μανθάνειν 636
ὦν οὐκ ἐδιδάχθης πώποτ' οὐδέν; εἰπέ μοι.
πότερον περὶ μέτρων ἢ ῥυθμῶν ἢ περὶ ἐπῶν;
- Στρ. περὶ τῶν μέτρων ἔγωγ'. ἐναγχος γάρ ποτε
ὑπ' ἀλφिताμοιβοῦ παρεκόπην διχοινίκῳ. 640
- Σω. οὐ τοῦτ' ἐρωτῶ σ', ἀλλ' ὃ τι κάλλιστον μέτρον
ἡγεῖ· πότερον τὸ τρίμετρον ἢ τὸ τετράμετρον;
- Στρ. ἐγὼ μὲν οὐδὲν πρότερον ἡμικτέον.
- Σω. οὐδὲν λέγεις, ὠνθρωπε. Στρ. περιῖδου νυν ἐμοί,
εἰ μὴ τετράμετρόν ἐστιν ἡμικτέον. 645
- Σω. ἐς κόρακας, ὥς ἀγροικὸς εἶ καὶ δυσμαθής.
ταχύ γ' ἂν δύναιο μανθάνειν περὶ ῥυθμῶν.
- Στρ. τί δέ μ' ὠφελήσουσ' οἱ ῥυθμοὶ πρὸς τάλφита;
- Σω. πρῶτον μὲν εἶναι κομψὸν ἐν συνουσίᾳ,
ἐπαῖονθ' ὑποίους ἐστι τῶν ῥυθμῶν 650
κατ' ἐνόπλιον, χῶποῖος αὖ κατὰ δάκτυλον.

ACT II

SCENE I

The same.

[Enter SOCRATES.]

Socr. By Respiration, Void, and Atmosphere,
I never saw a fellow half so stupid,
So witless, dull, and hopelessly forgetful.
I've taught him one or two *recherché* quibbles,
But he forgets almost before he learns:
But still, I'll call him out into the court.
Strepsiades, come out and bring your bed.

[Enter STREPSIADES.]

Str. But I can hardly move it for the fleas.

Socr. Put it down quickly, and attend to me.

Str. There.

Socr. Well now, what would you prefer to learn
Of all the things you've not been taught as yet?
Shall we take measures first, or rhythms, or words?

Str. Measures, I think: for just the other day
The miller cheated me of half a quart.

Socr. I don't mean that, but which measure you think
Most beautiful—the three time or the four.

Str. I think there's nothing like a real good bushel.

Socr. Oh! nonsense.

Str. Well, I'll bet you what you like
A bushel measure is four times a peck.

Socr. Confound you! you're a stupid, clumsy fool.
Perhaps you might learn something about rhythms.

Str. How will they help me make my bread and butter?

Socr. It makes one smarter in society
To recognize what's in the martial rhythm,
And what's in dactyls.

- Στρ. κατὰ δάκτυλον; Σω. νῆ τὸν Δί'. Στρ. ἀλλ'
οὐκ, ὦξυρέ,
τούτων ἐπιθυμῶ μαθάνειν οὐδέν. Σω. τί δαί;
- Στρ. ἐκεῖν' ἐκεῖνο, τὸν ἀδικώτατον λόγον.
- Σω. ἀλλ' ἕτερα δεῖ σε πρότερα τούτων μαθάνειν,
τῶν τετραπόδων ἅττ' ἐστὶν ὀρθῶς ἄρρενα.
- Στρ. ἀλλ' οἷδ' ἔγωγε τάρρεν', εἰ μὴ μαίνομαι. 660
κριός, τράγος, ταῦρος, κύων, ἀλεκτρυνών.
- Σω. ὀρᾷς δ' πάσχεις; τήν τε θήλειαν καλεῖς
ἀλεκτρυνόνα κατὰ ταῦτό καὶ τὸν ἄρρενα.
- Στρ. πῶς δῆ; φέρε. Σω. πῶς; ἀλεκτρυνὼν καλεκτρυνών.
- Στρ. νῆ τὸν Ποσειδῶ. νῦν δὲ πῶς με χρή καλεῖν; 665
- Σω. ἀλεκτρύαιναν, τὸν δ' ἕτερον ἀλέκτορα.
- Στρ. ἀλεκτρύαιναν; εὖ γε νῆ τὸν Ἀέρα
ᾧστ' ἀντὶ τούτου τοῦ διδάγματος μόνον
διαλφισώσω σου κύκλῳ τὴν κάρδοπον.
- Σω. ἰδοὺ μάλ' αὖθις τοῦθ' ἕτερον. τὴν κάρδοπον 670
ἄρρενα καλεῖς, θήλειαν οὔσαν. Στρ. τῷ τρόπῳ
ἄρρενα καλῶ ἔγω κάρδοπον; Σω. μάλιστα γέ,
ὥσπερ γε καὶ Κλεωνύμω. Στρ. πῶς δῆ; φράσον.
- Σω. ταῦτόν δύναται σοι κάρδοπος Κλεωνύμῳ.
- Στρ. ἀλλ', ὦγάθ', οὐδ' ἦν κάρδοπος Κλεωνύμῳ, 675
ἀλλ' ἐν θυεῖα στρογγύλῃ γ' ἀνεμάττετο.
ἀτὰρ τὸ λοιπὸν πῶς με χρή καλεῖν; Σω. ὅπως;
τὴν καρδόπην, ὥσπερ καλεῖς τὴν Σωστράτην.
- Στρ. τὴν καρδόπην θήλειαν; Σω. ὀρθῶς γὰρ λέγεις.
- Στρ. ἐκεῖνο δ' ἦν ἄν, καρδόπη, Κλεωνύμη. 680
- Σω. ἔτι δῆ γε περὶ τῶν ὀνομάτων μαθεῖν σε δεῖ,
ἅττ' ἄρρεν' ἐστίν, ἅττα δ' αὐτῶν θήλεα.
- Στρ. ἀλλ' οἷδ' ἔγωγ' ἂ θήλε' ἐστίν. Σω. εἰπέ δῆ.
- Στρ. Λύσιλλα, Φίλινα, Κλειταγόρα, Δημητρία.
- Σω. ἄρρενα δὲ ποῖα τῶν ὀνομάτων; Στρ. μυρία. 685
Φιλόξενος, Μελησίας, Ἀμυνίας.

- Str.* Dactyls, did you say?
Socr. Yes, dactyls.
Str. Oh, my dear good Socrates,
 It isn't this I want to learn.
Socr. What then?
Str. Why, what I said—the Unjust Argument.
Socr. But there's another thing you must learn first,
 Which animals are really masculine.
Str. Well, surely I know that, unless I'm mad.
 Rams, I suppose, he-goats, bulls, dogs, and turkeys¹.
Socr. Now stop. You call the female just the same.
Str. Why, what d'you mean?
Socr. Male turkey, female turkey.
Str. Oh! so I do. Well, what ought I to say?
Socr. Turker, perhaps, and Turkess would be best.
Str. Turkess, that's clever now, by Atmosphere.
 And in return for such a useful lesson
 I'll fill the meal-trough for you to the brim.
Socr. Wait; there's another case: you said male-trough
 When it's a woman's thing.
Str. Why, what d'you mean!
 I called the trough male!
Socr. Yes, just as you'd call
 Cleonymus a male.
Str. Oh! please explain.
Socr. You said male-trough: Cleonymus is male.
Str. But, my good friend, he hadn't got a trough—
 He did his kneading in a rounded mortar.
 What must I call it for the future then?
Socr. Femeal-trough, female, just like Sostrata.
Str. A female trough, d'you say?
Socr. Yes, that's quite right.
Str. I've got it, femeal-trough, Cleonyma.
Socr. Now I must teach you about proper names,
 Which have male endings and which feminine.
Str. Well, I know which are feminine.
Socr. Which then?
Str. Lysilla, Philinna, Clitagora, Demetria.
Socr. What names are masculine?
Str. Why, thousands of them.
 Philoxenus, Melesias, Amynias.

¹ 'Cocks' in the original, but the joke obviously won't work in English.

- Σω. ἀλλ', ὦ πόνηρε, ταῦτά γ' ἔστ' οὐκ ἄρρενα.
 Στρ. οὐκ ἄρρεν' ὑμῖν ἐστιν; Σω. οὐδαμῶς γ', ἐπεὶ
 πῶς ἂν καλέσειας ἐντυχῶν Ἀμυνία;
 Στρ. ὅπως ἂν; ὠδί, δεῦρο δεῦρ', Ἀμυνία. 690
 Σω. ὁρᾷς; γυναῖκα τὴν Ἀμυνίαν καλεῖς.
 Στρ. οὐκ οὐν δικαίως ἦτις οὐ στρατεύεται;
 ἀτὰρ τί ταῦθ' ἂ πάντες ἴσμεν μανθάνω;
 Σω. οὐδὲν μὰ Δί', ἀλλὰ κατακλινεῖς δευρὶ— Στρ. τί δρῶ;
 Σω. ἐκφρόντισόν τι τῶν σεαυτοῦ πραγμάτων. 695
 Στρ. μὴ δῆθ', ἱκετεύω, νταυθά γ'. ἀλλ' εἶπερ γε χρή,
 χαμαὶ μ' ἔασον αὐτὰ ταῦτ' ἐκφροντίσαι.
 Σω. οὐκ ἔστι παρὰ ταῦτ' ἄλλα. Στρ. κακοδαίμων ἐγώ,
 οἶαν δίκην τοῖς κόρεσι δώσω τήμερον.
 Χορ. φρόντιζε δὴ καὶ διάθρει, πάντα τρόπον τε σαυτὸν 700
 στρόβει πικνώσας·
 ταχὺς δ', ὅταν εἰς ἄπορον πέσης,
 ἐπ' ἄλλο πῆδα
 νόημα φρενός· ὕπνος δ' ἀπέστω γλυκύθυμος ὀμμάτων.
 Στρ. ἀτταταῖ ἀτταταῖ. 706
 Χορ. τί πάσχεις; τί κάμνεις;
 Στρ. ἀπόλλυμαι δέλαιος· ἐκ τοῦ σκίμποδος
 δάκνουσί μ' ἐξέρποντες οἱ Κορίνθιοι, 710
 καὶ τὰς πλευρὰς δαρδάπτουσιν
 καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἐκπίνουσιν,
 καὶ μ' ἀπολοῦσιν. 715
 Χορ. μή νυν βαρέως ἄλγει λίαν.
 Στρ. καὶ πῶς; ὅτε μου
 φροῦδα τὰ χρήματα, φρούδη χροιά,
 φρούδη ψυχή, φρούδη δ' ἐμβάς·
 καὶ πρὸς τούτοις ἔτι τοῖσι κακοῖς 720
 φρουρᾶς ᾄδων
 ὀλίγου φροῦδος γεγένημαι.
 Σω. οὗτος, τί ποιεῖς; οὐχὶ φροντίζεις; Στρ. ἐγώ;

Socr. Hullo, you're swindling: those aren't masculine.

Str. Not masculine?

Socr. Of course they aren't at all.

How would you call Amynias, if you met him?

Str. How? I should say, Hullo, Amynia.

Socr. D'you see? you've called Amynias a woman.

Str. Quite rightly too, when he won't join the army.
But why teach me what every fool must know?

Socr. All right: lie down here, if you like—

Str. What for?

Socr. And think out some new theory of your own.

Str. No please, not there: or if I really must,
I'll do it better lying on the ground.

Socr. No, there's no other way.

Str. Oh dear! oh dear!

I *shall* be scored off by the fleas to-day.

Chor. Ponder and think with a resolute brain,
Twisting and turning and twisting again!
If in a puzzle you happen to stick,
Hop like a flea to a different trick:
Sleep the consoler be far from thy brow—

Str. Ah! ow! ah! ow!

Chor. What's the matter? what's up now?

Str. I'm being killed by inches. Can't you see?
I've got flebitis and they're eating me.
Look! they're biting every part,
Now they're gnawing at my heart,
And they'll soon have finished me.

Chor. Steel thy heart and bear the pain.

Str. What, and let them bite again?
All my skin's gone, all my things,
Even my heart and sandal-strings,
And to add to all that's lost,
While I'm singing at my post,
I'm almost giving up the ghost.

Socr. Now then, there, are you thinking?

Str. Am I thinking?

- νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ. Σω. καὶ τί δῆτ' ἐφρόντισας;
 Στρ. ὑπὸ τῶν κόρεων εἴ μού τι περιλειφθήσεται. 725
 Σω. ἀπολεῖ κάκιστ'. Στρ. ἀλλ', ὦγάθ', ἀπόλωλ' ἀρτίως.
 Σω. οὐ μαλθακιστέ', ἀλλὰ περικαλυπτέα.
 ἐξευρετέος γὰρ νοῦς ἀποστερητικὸς
 κἀπαιόλημ'. Στρ. οἶμοι, τίς ἂν δῆτ' ἐπιβάλαι
 ἐξ ἀρνακίδων γνώμην ἀποστερητρίδα; 730
 Σω. φέρε νυν, ἀθρήσω πρῶτον, ὃ τι δρᾷ, τουτονί.
 οὗτος, καθεύδεις; Στρ. μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω γὼ μὲν οὔ.
 Σω. ἔχεις τι; Στρ. μὰ Δί' οὐ δῆτ' ἔγωγ'. Σω. οὐ-
 δὲν πάννυ;
 οὐκ ἐγκαλυψάμενος ταχέως τι φροντιεῖς; 735
 Στρ. περὶ τοῦ; σὺ γάρ μοι τοῦτο φράσον, ὦ Σώκρατες.
 Σω. αὐτὸς ὃ τι βούλει πρῶτος ἐξευρὼν λέγε.
 Στρ. ἀκήκοας μυριάκις ἀγὼ βούλομαι,
 περὶ τῶν τόκων, ὅπως ἂν ἀποδῶ μηδενί.
 Σω. ἴθι νυν, καλύπτου καὶ σχάσας τὴν φροντίδα 740
 λεπτήν κατὰ μικρὸν περιφρόνει τὰ πράγματα,
 ὀρθῶς διαιρῶν καὶ σκοπῶν. Στρ. οἶμοι τάλας.
 Σω. ἔχ' ἀτρέμα· κἂν ἀπορῆς τι τῶν νοημάτων,
 ἀφείς ἀπελθε· κἄτα τὴν γνώμην πάλιν
 κίνησον αὐθις αὐτὸ καὶ ζυγώθρισον. 745
 Στρ. ὦ Σωκρατίδιον φίλτατον. Σω. τί, ὦ γέρον;
 Στρ. ἔχω τόκου γνώμην ἀποστερητικὴν.
 Σω. ἐπιδείξον αὐτήν. Στρ. εἰπὲ δὴ νῦν μοι— Σω. τὸ τί;
 Στρ. γυναῖκα φαρμακίδ' εἰ πριάμενος Θετταλὴν
 καθέλοιμι νύκτωρ τὴν σελήνην, εἶτα δὴ 750
 αὐτὴν καθεύρξαιμ' ἐς λοφεῖον στρογγύλον,
 ὥσπερ κάτοπτρον, κἄτα τηροίην ἔχων—
 Σω. τί δῆτα τοῦτ' ἂν ὠφελήσειέν σ'; Στρ. ὃ τι;
 εἰ μηκέτ' ἀνατέλλοι σελήνη μηδαμοῦ,
 οὐκ ἂν ἀποδοίην τοὺς τόκους. Σω. ὅτι τί δῆ; 755
 Στρ. ὅτι κατὰ μῆνα τὰργύριον δανείζεται.

Of course I am.

Socr. What have you thought about?

Str. How much these fleas are going to leave of me.

Socr. Plague take you!

Str. Thanks, it nearly has already.

Socr. Don't be fastidious: just wrap up again.

You must devise some way out of your fix,
Some clever fraud. [Exit SOCRATES.]

Str. Good heavens, won't some one help?

I'd like to find a way out of these blankets.

[Enter SOCRATES.]

Socr. Come now. I'll just see how he's getting on.

Are you asleep?

Str. Good gracious! no, not I.

Socr. Have you a plan?

Str. Good Lord, no.

Socr. None at all?

Well, turn over again and think at once.

Str. Think! what about? Do tell me, Socrates.

Socr. Think what you like yourself and tell it me.

Str. Thousands of times I've told you what I like—
Not to pay interest to any one.

Socr. Well, just wrap up and slice your mind up small,
And think things over bit by bit, and search
Carefully and distinguish.

Str. Oh! how awful.

Socr. Be quiet: and if you can't work out one plan,
Leave it and try another tack; and then
Set your mind working and preserve your balance.

Str. (After a pause.) Socrates, Socrates.

Socr. Well, my friend, what is it?

Str. I've found a way out of this interest.

Socr. Explain it to me.

Str. Tell me quickly—

Socr. What?

Str. Suppose I could engage a first-class witch,
And pull the moon down from the sky at night,
And shut it up at once in a round box,
Like a travelling looking-glass, and keep it there—

Socr. Well, what would be the good of that?

Str. The good!

Why, if the moon should never rise again,
I needn't pay the interest.

Socr. Why not?

Str. Because the interest's paid by the month.

- Σω. ὑθλείς· ἄπερρ', οὐκ ἂν διδασκάλῃην σ' ἔτι.
 Στρ. ὅτιγ' τί; ναὶ πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ὦ Σώκρατες.
 Σω. ἀλλ' εὐθὺς ἐπιλήθῃ σὺ γ' ἅττ' ἂν καὶ μάθῃς· 785
 ἐπεὶ τί νῦν δὴ πρῶτον ἐδιδάχθῃς; λέγε.
 Στρ. φέρ' ἴδω, τί μέντοι πρῶτον ἦν; τί πρῶτον ἦν;
 τίς ἦν ἐν ἧ ματτόμεθα μέντοι τάλφῖτα;
 οἴμοι, τίς ἦν; Σω. οὐκ ἐς κόρακας ἀποφθερεῖ,
 ἐπιλησμότατον καὶ σκαιότατον γερόντιον; 790
 Στρ. οἴμοι, τί οὖν δῆθ' ὁ κακοδαίμων πείσομαι;
 ἀπὸ γὰρ ὀλοῦμαι μὴ μαθὼν γλωττοστροφεῖν.
 ἀλλ', ὦ Νεφέλαι, χρηστόν τι συμβουλευέσασθε.
 Χορ. ἡμεῖς μὲν, ὦ πρεσβῦτα, συμβουλευόμεν,
 εἴ σοί τις υἱὸς ἐστὶν ἐκτεθραμμένος, 795
 πέμπειν ἐκείνον ἀντὶ σαντοῦ μαυθάνειν.
 Στρ. ἀλλ' ἔστ' ἔμοιγ' υἱὸς καλὸς τε καὶ γαθός·
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐθέλει γὰρ μαυθάνειν, τί ἐγὼ πάθω;
 Χορ. σὺ δ' ἐπιτρέπεις; Στρ. εὐσωματεῖ γὰρ καὶ σφριγᾷ.
 ἀτὰρ μέτειμί γ' αὐτόν· ἦν δὲ μὴ θέλῃ, 801
 οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐκ ἐξελῶ 'κ τῆς οἰκίας.
 Χορ. ἂρ' αἰσθάνει πλείστα δι' ἡμᾶς ἀγάθ' ἀντίχ' ἔξων 805
 μόνας θεῶν; ὥς
 ἔτοιμος ὄδ' ἐστὶν ἅπαντα δρᾶν
 ὅσ' ἂν κελεύῃς.
 σὺ δ' ἀνδρὸς ἐκπεπληγμένου καὶ φανερώς ἐπηρμένου
 γνοὺς ἀπολάψῃς, ὅ τι πλείστον δύνασαι, 811
 ταχέως· φιλεῖ γάρ πως τὰ τοιαῦθ' ἐτέρῳ τρέπεσθαι.

Socr. Norisense. Now go. I won't teach you again.

Str. Why not? Oh Socrates, for mercy's sake.

Socr. Whatever I tell you, you forget at once.

For instance, tell me what I taught you first.

Str. What was the first thing? oh! what did come first?

What is the thing in which we knead our flour?

Oh dear! what is it?

Socr. Off to blazes with you,

You dull, forgetful, blithering old fellow!

[*Exit* SOCR.]

Str. Oh dear! oh dear! what will become of me?

It's all up, if I can't learn how to cheat.

Oh! Lady Clouds, give me some good advice.

Chor. Old man, we would advise you, if you have

A grown-up son, brought up as he should be,

To send him here to learn instead of you.

Str. It's true I have a son—a fine young fellow—

But he won't learn, so what am I to do?

Chor. D'you let him idle?

Str. Yes, he's strong and lusty.

But still I'll go and look for him, and if

He won't, I'll drive him out of house and home.

[*Exit* STREPS.]

Chor. In a very little while

You, my friend, will make your pile:

Then we trust that you will own

'Twas by us, and us alone:

For we've brought a pupil who

All you bid will gladly do!

While the poor misguided elf

Clearly is beside himself,

Make your hay while shines the sun,

Only, be it quickly done:

Oftentimes 'twixt cup and lip

Comes an unexpected slip!

ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΙΔΗΣ. ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ.
ΧΟΡΟΣ.

- Στρ. Οὔτοι μὰ τὴν Ὀμίχλην ἔτ' ἐντανθοῖ μενεῖς;
ἀλλ' ἔσθι' ἐλθὼν τοὺς Μεγακλέους κίονας. 815
- Φει. ὦ δαιμόνιε, τί χρῆμα πάσχεις, ὦ πάτερ;
οὐκ εὖ φρονεῖς μὰ τὸν Δία τὸν Ὀλύμπιον.
- Στρ. ἰδοὺ γ' ἰδοὺ Δί' Ὀλύμπιον· τῆς μωρίας
τὸ Δία νομίζεις, ὄντα τηλικουτονί.
- Φει. τί δὲ τοῦτ' ἐγέλασας ἐτεόν; Στρ. ἐνθυμούμενος
ὅτι παιδάριον εἶ καὶ φρονεῖς ἀρχαῖκά. 821
ὅμως γε μὴν πρόσσελθ', ἵν' εἰδῆς πλείονα,
καὶ σοι φράσω τι πρᾶγμ' ὃ μαθὼν ἀνὴρ ἔσει.
ὅπως δὲ τοῦτο μὴ διδάξεις μηδένα.
- Φει. ἰδού· τί ἔστιν; Στρ. ὤμοσας νῦν δὴ Δία. 825
- Φει. ἔγωγ'. Στρ. ὀρᾷς οὖν ὡς ἀγαθὸν τὸ μαυθάνειν;
οὐκ ἔστιν, ὦ Φειδιππίδη, Ζεύς. Φει. ἀλλὰ τίς;
- Στρ. Δῖνος βασιλεύει, τὸν Δί' ἐξεληλακῶς.
- Φει. αἰβοῖ, τί ληρεῖς; Στρ. ἴσθι τοῦθ' οὕτως ἔχον.
- Φει. τίς φησι ταῦτα; Στρ. Σωκράτης ὁ Μήλιος 830
καὶ Χαιρεφῶν, ὃς οἶδε τὰ ψυλλῶν ἵχνη.
- Φει. σὺ δ' εἰς τοσοῦτον τῶν μανιῶν ἐλήλυθας
ᾧστ' ἀνδράσιν πείθει χολῶσιν; Στρ. εὐστόμει,
καὶ μηδὲν εἵπης φλαῦρον ἀνδρας δεξιούς
καὶ νοῦν ἔχοντας· ὦν ὑπὸ τῆς φειδωλίας 835
ἀπεκείρατ' οὐδεὶς πόποτ' οὐδ' ἡλείψατο
οὐδ' εἰς βαλανεῖον ἦλθε λουσόμενος· σὺ δὲ

SCENE II

A Street showing Strepsiades' house and the
Thinking-School.

[Enter STREPSIADES and PHIDIPPIDES.]

- Str.* By holy Mist, you shan't stay here a minute.
So go and eat your uncle's marble columns.
- Phid.* My dear good father, what's the matter with you?
By Zeus in heaven, you aren't in your right mind.
- Str.* By Zeus in heaven, d'you say? What ignorance!
A man of your age to believe in Zeus!
- Phid.* Why, what is there to laugh at?
- Str.* Why, dear me,
You're still a baby with your old-world notions.
Now just come here and let me teach you better.
I'll tell you something that will make you a man.
But mind you never breathe a word of it.
- Phid.* What is it then?
- Str.* Just now you swore by Zeus.
- Phid.* I did.
- Str.* See then how great a thing is knowledge.
For Zeus does not exist.
- Phid.* Well, who does then?
- Str.* Vortex is king, for he has banished Zeus.
- Phid.* Goodness, what nonsense!
- Str.* No, it's solemn truth.
- Phid.* Who says so?
- Str.* Socrates, the Atheist,
And Chaerephon, who knows the pace of fleas.
- Phid.* My poor old father, are you so far gone
As to believe these lunatics?
- Str.* Hush, hush!
Do not speak lightly of philosophers
And men of parts, whose strict economy
Prevents them getting their hair cut or shaving,
Or going to the Baths to wash. But you

ὥσπερ τεθνεῶτος καταλόει μου τὸν βίον.
 ἀλλ' ὥς τάχιστ' ἐλθὼν ὑπὲρ ἐμοῦ μάνθανε.

Φει. τί δ' ἂν παρ' ἐκείνων καὶ μάθοι χρηστόν τις ἄν; 840

Στρ. ἄληθες; ὅσαπερ ἔστ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις σοφά·
 γνῶσει δὲ σαντὸν ὥς ἀμαθὴς εἶ καὶ παχύς.
 ἀλλ' ἐπανάμεινόν μ' ὀλίγον ἐνταυθοῖ χρόνον.

Φει. οἴμοι, τί δράσω παραφρονούντος τοῦ πατρός;
 πότερον παρανοίας αὐτὸν εἰσαγαγὼν ἔλω, 845
 ἢ τοῖς σοροπηγοῖς τὴν μανίαν αὐτοῦ φράσω;

Στρ. φέρ' ἴδω, σὺ τουτονὶ τί νομίζεις; εἶπέ μοι.

Φει. ἀλεκτρυνόνα. Στρ. καλῶς γε. ταυτηνὴ δὲ τί;

Φει. ἀλεκτρυνόν'. Στρ. ἄμφω ταυτό; καταγέλαστος εἶ.
 μή νυν τὸ λοιπόν, ἀλλὰ τήνδε μὲν καλεῖν 850
 ἀλεκτρύαιναν, τουτονὶ δ' ἀλέκτορα.

Φει. ἀλεκτρύαιναν; ταῦτ' ἔμαθες τὰ δεξιὰ
 εἶσω παρελθὼν ἄρτι παρὰ τοὺς γηγενεῖς;

Στρ. χῆτερά γε πόλλ'. ἀλλ' ὅ τι μάθοιμ' ἐκάστοτε,
 ἐπελανθανόμην ἂν εὐθὺς ὑπὸ πλήθους ἐτών. 855

Φει. διὰ ταῦτα δὴ καὶ θοίμάτιον ἀπώλεσας;

Στρ. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀπολώλεκ', ἀλλὰ καταπεφρόντικα.

Φει. τὰς δ' ἐμβάδας ποῖ τέτροφας, ὠνόητε σύ;

Στρ. ὥσπερ Περικλῆς εἰς τὸ δέον ἀπώλεσα.
 ἀλλ' ἴθι, βάδιζ', ἴωμεν· εἴτα τῷ πατρὶ 860
 πειθόμενος ἐξάμαρτε· καγὼ τοί ποτε
 οἷδ' ἐξέτει σοι τραυλίσαντι πιθόμενος·
 ὃν πρῶτον ὀβολὸν ἔλαβον ἡλιαστικόν,
 τούτου ἑπριάμην σοι Διασίοις ἀμαξίδα.

Φει. ἦ μὴν σὺ τούτοις τῷ χρόνῳ ποτ' ἀχθέσει. 865

Στρ. εὖ γ', ὅτι ἐπέισθης. δεῦρο δεῦρ', ὦ Σώκρατες,
 ἐξελθ'. ἄγω γάρ σοι τὸν νῖδν τουτονί,
 ἄκοντ' ἀναπέισας. Σω. νηπύτιος γάρ ἐστ' ἔτι,
 καὶ τῶν κρεμαθῶν οὐ τρίβων τῶν ἐνθάδε.

Φει. αὐτὸς τρίβων εἴης ἂν, εἰ κρέμαίό γε. 870

Wash me and lay me out for—bankruptcy.
Now just go quick and learn instead of me.

Phid. Is any useful knowledge to be learnt there?

Str. Good gracious, all the wisdom of the world.
You'll learn to know yourself, and all your folly.
But please, just wait a minute for me here.

[*Exit STREPSIADES.*]

Phid. What can I do? My father's off his head.
Had I best get a writ for lunacy,
Or warn the undertakers that he's dying?

[*Enter STREPSIADES.*]

Str. Look here, what d'you call that? now answer me.

Phid. A Turkey.

Str. Well, and what d'you call this bird!

Phid. A Turkey.

Str. Both the same: that's quite absurd.

You must learn not to do so, but call this
A Turkess, and the other one a Turker.

Phid. A Turkess? why, is this the sort of wisdom
You learnt in visiting those clodhoppers?

Str. Yes, and lots more. But everything I learnt,
I clean forgot, because I was so old.

Phid. Is that the reason why you lost your cloak?

Str. I didn't lose it: I thought it away.

Phid. And what about your sandals, poor old fool?

Str. I lost them 'for the cause' like Pericles.
Come, let's be going. If you obey me now,
Do what you like hereafter. I'm quite sure
I used to obey your prattle at six years old.
The first fee that I got as juryman,
I spent on a cart for you at the fair.

Phid. The time will come when you'll repent of this.

Str. Hurrah! you will obey! here, Socrates,
Come out. I've brought my son to visit you,
Although he didn't want to come at first.

[*Enter SOCRATES.*]

Socr. He's young and not acquainted with the ropes.

Phid. You'd be a quaint sight, if you got the rope.

- Στρ. οὐκ ἐς κόρακας; καταρᾷ σὺ τῷ διδασκάλῳ;
 Σω. ἰδοὺ κρέμαι, ὥς ἡλίθιον ἐφθέγγετο
 καὶ τοῖσι χεῖλεσιν διερρυνήκοσιν.
 πῶς ἂν μάθοι ποθ' οὗτος ἀπόφευξω δίκης
 ἢ κλήσιν ἢ χαύνωσιν ἀναπειστηρίαν; 875
 καίτοι γε ταλάντου τοῦτ' ἔμαθεν Ὑπέρβολος.
- Στρ. ἀμέλει, δίδασκε· θυμόσοφός ἐστιν φύσει·
 εὐθύς γέ τοι, παιδάριον ὃν τυννουτονὶ
 ἔπλαττεν ἔνδον οἰκίας ναῦς τ' ἔγλυφεν,
 ἀμαξίδας τε σκυτίνας εἰργάζετο, 880
 κακ τῶν σιδίων βατράχους ἐποίει πῶς δοκεῖς.
 ὅπως δ' ἐκείνῳ τὸ λόγῳ μαθήσεται,
 τὸν κρείττον', ὅστις ἐστί, καὶ τὸν ἥττονα,
 ὅς τ' ἄδικα λέγων ἀνατρέπει τὸν κρείττονα·
 ἐὰν δὲ μή, τὸν γοῦν ἄδικον πάσῃ τέχνῃ. 885
- Σω. αὐτὸς μαθήσεται παρ' αὐτοῖν τοῖν λόγων.
 ἐγὼ δ' ἄπειμι. Στρ. τοῦτό νυν μέμνησ', ὅπως
 πρὸς πάντα τὰ δίκαι' ἀντιλέγειν δυνήσεται.

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΣ ΛΟΓΟΣ. ΑΔΙΚΟΣ ΛΟΓΟΣ. ΧΟΡΟΣ.

- Δικ. χώρει δευρί, δεῖξον σταντὸν
 τοῖσι θεαταῖς, καίπερ θρασὺς ὢν. 890
- Αδ. ἴθ' ὅποι χρήξεις. πολὺ γὰρ μάλλον σ'
 ἐν τοῖς πολλοῖσι λέγων ἀπολῶ.
- Δικ. ἀπολεῖς σύ; τίς ὢν; Αδ. λόγος. Δικ. ἥττων
 γ' ὢν.
- Αδ. ἀλλὰ σε νικῶ, τὸν ἐμοῦ κρείττω
 φάσκοντ' εἶναι. Δικ. τί σοφὸν ποιῶν; 895
- Αδ. γνώμας καινὰς ἐξευρίσκων.
- Δικ. ταῦτα γὰρ ἀνθεὶ διὰ τουτουσὶ
 τοὺς ἀνσῆτους.
- Αδ. οὐκ, ἀλλὰ σοφούς. Δικ. ἀπολῶ σε κακῶς.
- Αδ. εἰπέ, τί ποιῶν; Δικ. τὰ δίκαια λέγων. 900

Str. Be quiet, confound you: don't insult the Master.

Socr. D'you hear how he said 'wope': just like a baby.
He lisps and cannot even say his r's.
How can he learn acquittal from a suit
Or prosecution or convincing brag?
Yet others have—after expensive lessons.

Str. Well, try him. He's a born philosopher.
Why, when he was a child so high, he used
To make houses and ships and leather carts,
And really lovely frogs of orange-peel.
Now, let him learn that pair of Arguments,
The Better, as you call it, and the Worse,
Which pleads unjustly and confutes the Better.
At least at all costs he must learn the Worse.

Socr. The Arguments themselves shall teach him here,
And I will leave him.

Str. Well, remember this:
He must be fit to answer all just pleas.

[*Exeunt* SOCRATES and STREPSIADES.]

[*Enter the* JUST and UNJUST ARGUMENTS.]

Just Argument. Now come along quickly, don't sulk and
hang back;

Let the audience see you, you brazen-faced quack.

Unjust Argument. You can go where you like, but the
more you retreat,
When we talk, the more public you'll find your
defeat.

J. You'll defeat me! who are you?

U. An Argument.

J. Stuff!

You're only the Worse one.

U. But quite good enough
To defeat you, who think yourself so much the best.

J. What tricks will you use?

U. Oh! some clever new test.

J. I suppose so, for as they're so very unwise,
The audience always think novelties nice.

U. Yes, because they are clever.

J. I'll beat you to-night.

U. I should like to know how.

J. By defending the right.

- Αδ. ἀλλ' ἀνατρέψω γ' αὐτ' ἀντιλέγων·
οὐδὲ γὰρ εἶναι πάνυ φημί δίκην.
- Δικ. οὐκ εἶναι φής; Αδ. φέρε γάρ, ποῦ 'στιν;
- Δικ. παρὰ τοῖσι θεοῖς.
- Αδ. πῶς δῆτα δίκης οὔσης ὁ Ζεὺς
οὐκ ἀπόλωλεν τὸν πατέρ' αὐτοῦ
δήσας; Δικ. αἰβοῖ, τουτὶ καὶ δὴ
χωρεῖ τὸ κακόν· δότε μοι λεκάνην. 905
- Αδ. τυφρογέρων εἴ κανάρμοστος,
Δικ. καταπύγων εἴ καναίσχυντος.
- Αδ. ῥόδα μ' εἶρηκας. Δικ. καὶ βωμολόχος. 910
- Αδ. κρίνεσι στεφανοῖς. Δικ. καὶ πατραλοίας,
- Αδ. χρυσῷ πάττων μ' οὐ γινώσκεις.
- Δικ. οὐ δῆτα πρὸ τοῦ γ', ἀλλὰ μολύβδῳ.
- Αδ. νῦν δέ γε κόσμος τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐμοί.
- Δικ. θρασὺς εἴ πολλοῦ. Αδ. σὺ δέ γ' ἀρχαῖος. 915
- Δεῦρ' ἴθι, τοῦτον δ' ἔα μαίνεσθαι. 932
- Δικ. κλαύσει, τὴν χεῖρ' ἦν ἐπιβάλλης.
- Χορ. παύσασθε μάχης καὶ λοιδορίας.
ἀλλ' ἐπιδειξαι 935
σύ τε τοὺς προτέρους ἄττ' ἐδίδασκες,
σύ τε τὴν καὴν
παῖδενσιν, ὅπως ἂν ἀκούσας σφῶν
ἀντιλεγόντοιν κρίνας φοιτᾷ.
- Δικ. δρᾶν ταῦτ' ἐθέλω. Αδ. κἄγωγ' ἐθέλω.
- Χορ. φέρε δὴ πότερος λέξει πρότερος; 940
- Αδ. τούτῳ δώσω·
κἄτ' ἐκ τούτων ὧν ἂν λέξη
ῥηματίοισιν καινοῖς αὐτὸν
καὶ διανοαῖς κατατοξεύσω.
τὸ τελευταῖον δ', ἦν ἀναγρύξῃ, 945
τὸ πρόσωπον ἅπαν καὶ τῷ φθαλμῷ
κεντούμενος ὥσπερ ὑπ' ἀνθρηνῶν

U. Oh! but there I can easily give you a twist;
For I will not admit that the right can exist.

J. Not exist, do you say?

U. If it does, tell me where.

J. With the gods in the sky.

U. Well, if right is up there,
What of Zeus, when he played his old pa such
a trick?

J. Oh! this blasphemy's spreading: I'm feeling quite
sick.

U. You're a poor blind old bat, out of tune with the
times.

J. You're a shameless young scoundrel, debauched with
your crimes.

U. Those are names sweet as roses.

J. A sycophant too.

U. You crown me with lilies.

J. You parricide, you—

U. I assure you you're pouring pure gold on my head.

J. In my days it was thought far more like molten
lead.

U. Then I've all the more credit, for keeping so cool.

J. Your cheek is unbounded.

U. You old-fashioned fool.

Come to me, my young friend, and don't mind him:
he's mad.

J. You'll repent if you touch him, you impudent cad.

Chor. Now stop all this wrangling, and don't try to scold,
But tell us in turn,

First you, what you taught in the good days of old,

Then you, what they learn

From your up-to-date lessons: and then he will
know

Both sides of the question and choose where to go.

J. I'm willing.

U. And I too.

Chor. Then which shall begin?

U. I'll let him start off: when he thinks he will win,
I'll bring out my best quips and my new sophistry.

And at last, if he opens his mouth to reply,

Like a bee-hive let loose in his face and his eyes,

ὑπὸ τῶν γνωμῶν ἀπολείται.

Χορ. νῦν δείξεται τῷ πισύνῳ τοῖς περιδεξίοισι 949

λόγοισι καὶ φροντίσι καὶ γνωμοτύποις μερίμναις,
ὁπότερος αὐτοῖν λέγων ἀμείνων φανήσεται.

νῦν γὰρ ἅπας ἐνθάδε κίνδυνος ἀνείται σοφίας, 955
ἧς περὶ τοῖς ἐμοῖς φίλοις ἔστιν ἀγὼν μέγιστος.

ἀλλ' ὦ πολλοῖς τοὺς πρεσβυτέρους ἤθεσι χρηστοῖς
στεφανώσας,

ῥῆξον φωνὴν ἦτιναι χαίρεις, καὶ τὴν σαντοῦ φύσιν εἰπέ.

Δικ. λέξω τοίνυν τὴν ἀρχαίαν παιδείαν, ὥς διέκειτο, 961

ὅτ' ἐγὼ τὰ δίκαια λέγων ἤνθουν καὶ σωφροσύνη
'νευόμιστο.

πρῶτον μὲν ἔδει παιδὸς φωνὴν γρύξαντος μηδέν'
ἀκοῦσαι·

εἴτα βαδίζειν ἐν ταῖσιν ὁδοῖς εὐτάκτως εἰς κιθαριστοῦ
τοὺς κωμήτας γυμνοὺς ἀθρόους, καὶ κριμνώδη κατα-
νίφοι. 965

εἴτ' αὖ προμαθεῖν ἄσμ' ἐδίδασκεν, τῷ μηρῷ μὴ ξυν-
έχοντας,

ἢ Παλλάδα περσέπολιν δεινάν, ἢ Τηλέπορόν τι βόαμα,
ἐντειναμένους τὴν ἁρμονίαν, ἣν οἱ πατέρες παρέδωκαν.
εἰ δέ τις αὐτῶν βωμολοχεύσαιτ' ἢ κάμψειέν τινα
καμπήν, 970

οἷας οἱ νῦν τὰς κατὰ Φρῦνιν ταύτας τὰς δυσκολο-
κάμπτους,

ἐπετρίβετο τυπτόμενος πολλὰς ὥς τὰς Μούσας ἀφα-
νίζων.

Αδ. ἀρχαῖά γε καὶ Διπολιώδη καὶ τεττίγων ἀνάμεστα 984
καὶ Κηκείδου καὶ Βουφονίων. Δικ. ἀλλ' οὖν ταῦτ'

ἔστιν ἐκεῖνα, 985

ἐξ ὧν ἄνδρας Μαραθωνομάχους ἡμῇ παῖδευσις ἔθρεψεν.
σὺ δὲ τοὺς νῦν εὐθὺς ἐν ἱματίοισι διδάσκεις ἐντετυ-
λίθαι·

- My answers shall sting and torment till he dies.
- Chor.* Now, my pair of wits, Use the arms you carry—
Now for verbal hits, Wordy thrust and parry :
Forward to the charge ! Let each rival artist
Show the world at large Which of you's the
 smartest :
For my friends will find That it's past denial
All their March of Mind Is upon its trial.
So you, who used our sires to teach in the school of
 an old morality,
Just make us your usual kind of speech and give us
 a taste of your quality.
- J.* Listen, and I'll tell you clearly what the ancient
 system meant,
When I prospered teaching right, and virtue was
 an ornament,
Little boys might just be seen, but never heard, was
 then the rule :
Two and two along the streets they plodded to the
 district school
Soberly, and with no coats on, even through the
 snow and rain.
There they mightn't cross their legs, but learnt to
 sing some ancient strain,
'Holy Pallas, city-sacker,' or 'Now raise the shout
 of praise,'
Keeping the old tunes and measures chanted in their
 fathers' days.
And whoever played the fool or tried to modernize
 the song,
Putting in some nasty trill, or stopping on a note
 too long,
Like your up-to-date performers, trying by their
 sickly strains
To corrupt the good old music—got a dusting for
 his pains.
- U.* Dear old-fashioned, pre-historic, Unicorn and Lion
 stuff,
Taught before the Ark and Deluge.
- J.* Yet, my friend, 'twas good enough
To produce our old-world heroes and the men of
 Marathon :
But to-day you teach the babies to put coats and
 ulsters on.

πρὸς ταῦτ', ὦ μειράκιον, θαρρῶν ἐμὲ τὸν κρείττω
λόγον αἰροῦ· 990

κἀπιστήσῃ μισεῖν ἀγορὰν καὶ βαλανείων ἀπέχεσθαι,
καὶ τοῖς αἰσχροῖς αἰσχύνεσθαι, κἂν σκώπτῃ τίς σε,
φλέγεσθαι·

καὶ τῶν θάκων τοῖς πρεσβυτέροις ὑπανίστασθαι προσ-
ιοῦσιν,

καὶ μὴ περὶ τοὺς σαντοῦ γονέας σκαιουργεῖν, ἄλλο τε
μηδὲν

αἰσχρὸν ποιεῖν, ὅτι τῆς Αἰδοῦς μέλλεις τᾶγα μὲν
ἀναπλάττειν. 995

Αδ. εἰ ταῦτ', ὦ μειράκιον, πείσει τούτῳ, νῆ τὸν Διό-
νυσον 1000

τοῖς Ἱπποκράτους υἱέσιν εἷξεις, καὶ σε καλοῦσι
βλιτομάμμαν.

Δικ. ἀλλ' οὖν λιπαρὸς γε καὶ εὐανθῆς ἐν γυμνασίοις
διατρίψεις,

οὐ στωμύλλων κατὰ τὴν ἀγορὰν τριβολεκτράπελ',
οἷάπερ οἱ νῦν,

οὐδ' ἐλκόμενος περὶ πραγματίου γλισχραντιλογεξεπι-
τρίπτου·

ἀλλ' εἰς Ἀκαδήμειαν κατιῶν ὑπὸ ταῖς μορίαις
ἀποθρέξει 1005

στεφανωσάμενος καλάμῳ λευκῷ μετὰ σῶφρονος
ἡλικιώτου,

μίλακος ὄζων καὶ ἀπραγμοσύνης καὶ λεύκης φυλλο-
βολούσης,

ἦρος ἐν ὥρᾳ χαίρων, ὁπότεν πλάτανος πετέλα
ψιθυρίζει.

ἦν ταῦτα ποιῆς ἀγὼ φράζω,

καὶ πρὸς τούτοις προσέχῃς τὸν νοῦν, 1010

ἔξεις ἀεὶ στήθος λιπαρόν,

χροῖαν λευκὴν, ὤμους μεγάλους,

So, good youth, take heart and vote for my success
and his defeat;
Then you'll learn to hate this lounging at the Baths
and in the Street,
Learn to blush at all that's shameful, flush when
insults meet your ear,
Rise and leave your seat politely, when you see
your elders near,
Never try to cheat your parents, or do anything that's
vile,
For 'tis yours to set the type of Honour in the
modern style.

U. If you follow his advice, my boy, it's ten to one,
I'll bet,

You'll become a dull young blockhead, and they'll
call you 'Mamma's pet.'

J. No, you'll be a ruddy-cheeked and smooth-skinned
athlete all your days,

Not a lounging, chatt'ring gossip, following the
modern craze,

Always wrangling in the law-courts, quibbling when
you cannot prove:

No, you'll go and run your laps beneath the olives
in the Grove,

With some quiet, sober comrade, wreathed with
silver bulrushes,

Redolent of shiv'ring poplars, laurels, and a mind
at ease,

Happy in the joy of spring-time, when the flowers
are born again,

And the elm-tree gently whispers secrets to the
list'ning plane.

If you'll just carry out the few precepts I preach,
And give your attention to all that I teach,
Your chest shall be broad, your skin shall be white,

γλῶτταν βαιάν.

ἦν δ' ἅπερ οἱ νῦν ἐπιτηδεύης, 1015

πρῶτα μὲν ἕξεις χροιάν ὠχράν,

ὦμους μικρούς, στήθος λεπτόν,

γλῶτταν μεγάλην, ψήφισμα μακρόν,

καί σ' ἀναπείσει

τὸ μὲν αἰσχρὸν ἅπαν καλὸν ἡγεῖσθαι, 1020

τὸ καλὸν δ' αἰσχρόν.

Χορ. ὦ καλλίπυργον σοφίαν κλεινοτάτην ἐπασκῶν,

ὥς ἡδύ σου τοῖσι λόγοις σῶφρον ἔπεστιν ἄνθος. 1025

εὐδαίμονες δ' ἦσαν ἄρ' οἱ ζῶντες τότε ἐπὶ τῶν

προτέρων.

πρὸς οὖν τάδ', ὦ κομψοπρεπῇ μοῦσαν ἔχων, 1030

δεῖ σε λέγειν τι καινόν, ὥς εὐδοκίμηκεν ἀνὴρ.

δεινῶν δέ σοι βουλευμάτων ἔοικε δεῖν πρὸς αὐτόν,

εἴπερ τὸν ἀνδρ' ὑπερβαλεῖ καὶ μὴ γέλωτ' ὀφλή-

σεις.

1035

Αδ. καὶ μὴν πάλαι γ' ἐπνιγόμενην τὰ σπλάγχνα, κάπε-
θύμουν

ἅπαντα ταῦτ' ἐναντίαις γνώμασι συνταράξαι.

ἐγὼ γὰρ ἥττων μὲν λόγος δι' αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἐκλήθην

ἐν τοῖσι φροντισταῖσιν, ὅτι πρῶτιστος ἐπενόησα

τοῖσιν νόμοις καὶ ταῖς δίκαις τὰναντί' ἀντιλέξαι. 1040

καὶ τοῦτο πλεῖν ἢ μυρίων ἔστ' ἄξιον στατήρων,

αἰρούμενον τοὺς ἥττονας λόγους ἔπειτα νικᾶν.

σκέψαι δὲ τὴν παιδευσιν ἢ πέποιθεν ὥς ἐλέγξω·

ὅστις σε θερμῷ φησι λουῖσθαι πρῶτον οὐκ ἐάσει.

καίτοι τίνα γνώμην ἔχων ψέγεις τὰ θερμὰ λου-

τρά;

1045

Δικ. ὅτιη κάκιστόν ἐστι καὶ δειλὸν ποιεῖ τὸν ἀνδρα.

Αδ. ἐπίσχε· εὐθύς γάρ σ' ἔχω μέσον λαβὼν ἀφυκτον.

καὶ μοι φράσον, τῶν τοῦ Διὸς παίδων τίν' ἀνδρ'

ἄριστον

Your shoulders robust, your tongue short and polite.
 But if you behave like the youths of to-day,
 Your chest will be narrow, your skin will be grey,
 Your shoulders will shrink, and your tongue will
 extend,

And your public harangues never come to an end :
 At last you'll believe that black is white,
 That right is wrong, and wrong is right.

Chor. High and great his creed's profession :

How from all the teacher says

Virtue shines and sage Discretion

And the bliss of olden days !

You, sir, now, whose smart young clients

Idolize your modern Science,

Something very shrewd and clever

You must now to say endeavour,

If like him you'd win our praise.

But keen must be your arguments to save you from
 disaster,

Unless you'd be a laughing-stock and own you've
 met your master.

U. Since first he started talking, I've been choking
 with desire

To deny and contradict and get the fat thrown on
 the fire :

It's precisely for this reason that the Thinkers call
 me Worst,

That for winning votes and lawsuits I used contra-
 diction first.

And this is just the game it's worth a thousand
 pounds to play,

To choose the worser argument and then to win
 the day.

Let's consider this old system, about which he
 seems so proud.

First he tells his little pupil that warm baths are
 not allowed :

Now tell me on what principle you think warm
 baths so bad.

J. Because they are immoral and play havoc with
 a lad.

U. Stop! I've got you by the middle, and you can't
 slip through my hands ;

Tell me which of all the sons, whom Zeus begat in
 many lands,

- ψυχὴν νομίζεις, εἰπέ, καὶ πλείστους πόνους πονῆσαι;
 Δικ. ἐγὼ μὲν οὐδέν' Ἡρακλέους βελτίον' ἄνδρα κρίνω.
- Αδ. ποῦ ψυχρὰ δῆτα πώποτ' εἶδες Ἡράκλεια λουτρά; 1051
 καίτοι τίς ἀνδρειότερος ἦν; Δικ. ταῦτ' ἐστί,
 ταῦτ' ἐκεῖνα,
 ἃ τῶν νεανίσκων αἰεὶ δι' ἡμέρας λαλούντων
 πλήρες τὸ βαλανεῖον ποιεῖ, κενὰς δὲ τὰς παλαίστρας.
- Αδ. εἴτ' ἐν ἀγορᾷ τὴν διατριβὴν ψέγεις· ἐγὼ δ'
 ἐπαυῶ.
 εἰ γὰρ πονηρὸν ἦν, Ὅμηρος οὐδέ ποτ' ἂν ἐποίει 1056
 τὸν Νέστορ' ἀγορητὴν ἂν οὐδὲ τοὺς σοφοὺς ἅπαντας.
 ἀνεμι δῆτ' ἐντεῦθεν εἰς τὴν γλῶτταν, ἦν ὁδὸς
 μὲν
 οὗ φησι χρῆναι τοὺς νέους ἀσκεῖν, ἐγὼ δέ φημι.
 καὶ σωφρονεῖν αὖ φησι χρῆναι· δύο κακῶ με-
 γίστω. 1060
 ἐπεὶ σὺ διὰ τὸ σωφρονεῖν τῷ πώποτ' εἶδες ἤδη
 ἀγαθόν τι γενόμενον, φράσον, καὶ μ' ἐξέλεγξον
 εἰπών.
- Δικ. πολλοῖς. ὁ γοῦν Πηλεὺς ἔλαβε διὰ τοῦτο τὴν μά-
 χαιραν.
- Αδ. μάχαιραν; ἀστείον τὸ κέρδος ἔλαβεν ὁ κακοδαίμων.
 Ὑπέρβολος δ' οὐκ τῶν λύχνων πλεῖν ἢ τάλαντα
 πολλὰ 1065
 εἵληφε διὰ πονηρίαν, ἀλλ' οὐ μὰ Δί' οὐ μάχαιραν.
- Δικ. καὶ τὴν Θέτιν γ' ἔγημε διὰ τὸ σωφρονεῖν ὁ
 Πηλεὺς. 1067
- Αδ. κατ' ἀπολιπούσά γ' αὐτὸν ὥχεται· ἴσθι δ' ὦν Κρόν-
 ιππος. 1070
 σκέψαι γάρ, ὦ μειράκιον, ἐν τῷ σωφρονεῖν ἅπαντα
 ἀνεστιν, ἡδονῶν θ' ὅσων μέλλεις ἀποστερεῖσθαι.
 καίτοι τί σοι ζῆν ἄξιον, τούτων ἐὰν στερηθῇς;
 εἶεν. πάρειμ' ἐντεῦθεν ἐς τὰς τῆς φύσεως ἀνάγκας.

You think bravest and most capable of bearing toil
with ease?

J. Well, I don't suppose you'll find a braver one than
Heracles.

U. Then tell me where you've ever seen Cold Baths
that bear his name:

Yet no man was ever braver.

J. This is just the sort of game
That fills the baths from day to day with crowds of
wrangling boys,
And empties the gymnasium, where they mayn't
make such a noise.

U. Then you're always down on talking in the streets:
I think it's fine.

If it weren't, would good old Homer have thought
fit to write that line

Where Nestor's called a 'talker'? And the others
just the same:

He always calls them 'talkers,' when he wants to
show their fame.

Next to turn to what he thinks our greatest snare,
I mean, the tongue;

I believe to practise speaking's the best training for
the young.

Then he praises self-control—another fatal prejudice:
Have you known a single person to whom self-
control brought bliss?

If you have, I'd like to hear it: just convince me
with a word.

J. That's not hard. By self-control, for instance, Peleus
won his sword.

U. And a pretty gift for Peleus that good sword turned
out to be.

Why Hyperbolus, the lampman, by consistent villainy
Very soon amassed his thousands, but a sword—upon
my life!

J. Well, but self-control at least gave Peleus Thetis for
his wife.

U. Yes, and then she went and left him. It won't do,
my poor old fool.

Just consider, dear young friend, the blessings of this
ancient rule,

And all the jaunts and pleasures that you lose by
being good.

Now, I ask, is life worth living, if you've got to be
a prude?

Let that pass. I'll take a case that may occur to any man.

ἔβλεψας, ἡράσθης, ἀφήμαρτές τι, κἄτ' ἐλήφθης· 1076
 ἀπόλωλας· ἀδύνατος γὰρ εἶ λέγειν. ἐμοὶ δ' ὁμιλῶν
 χρῶ τῇ φύσει, σκίρτα, γέλα, νόμιζε μηδὲν αἰσχρόν.
 ἐρῶν γὰρ ἦν τύχης ἀλούς, τὰδ' ἀντερεῖς πρὸς αὐτόν,
 ὥς οὐδὲν ἡδίκηκας· εἴτ' εἰς τὸν Δί' ἐπανευεγκεῖν,
 κακείνος ὥς ἦττων ἔρωτός ἐστι καὶ γυναικῶν· 1081
 καίτοι σὺ θνητὸς ὦν θεοῦ πῶς μείζον ἂν δύναιο;
 τί δῆτ' ἐρεῖς;

Δικ. ἡγπήμεθα, 1100
 πρὸς τῶν θεῶν δέξασθέ μου
 θοῖμάτιον, ὥς
 ἐξαυτομολῶ πρὸς ὑμᾶς.

ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ. ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΙΔΗΣ.

Σω. τί δῆτα; πότερα τοῦτον ἀπάγεσθαι λαβὼν 1105
 βούλει τὸν υἱόν, ἢ διδάσκω σοι λέγειν;
 Στρ. δίδασκε καὶ κόλαζε, καὶ μέμνησ' ὅπως
 εὖ μοι στομώσεις αὐτόν, ἐπὶ μὲν θᾶτερα
 οἶαν δικιδίοις, τὴν δ' ἑτέραν αὐτοῦ γνάθον
 στόμωσον οἶαν ἐς τὰ μείζω πράγματα. 1110
 Σω. ἀμέλει, κομιεῖ τοῦτον σοφιστὴν δεξιόν.
 Φει. ὥχρόν μὲν οὖν οἶμαί γε καὶ κακοδαίμονα.
 Χορ. χωρεῖτέ νυν. οἶμαι δέ σοι ταῦτα μεταμελήσειν.

Suppose you fall in love and shock the chaperones :
what plan

Have you got to stop the gossips? Why, you've not
a word to say,

But if I'm your friend, dance, prattle, and let nature
have her way;

And if they ask you questions, 'tis an easy repartee
To say you've done no harm at all; as any one can
see,

That as Zeus himself was always such a gallant lady's
man,

There's no reason why a mortal shouldn't ape him,
when he can.

Now, what's your reply?

J. I'm defeated and done.

No, don't ask me why :

Take my cloak and begone :

I'll desert the old crew

And come over to you.

[Enter SOCRATES and STREPSIADES.]

Socr. Have you decided? will you take your son
Or shall I teach him the great art of speaking?

Str. Teach him and punish him and don't forget
To grind him hard and give him a fine edge;
One side for petty suits, and on the other
Strop his jaw nice and sharp for politics.

Socr. All right: I'll send him back a first-class sophist.

Phid. A pale-faced good-for-nothing, I expect.

Chor. Well, start at once: but I believe, old man,
You'll wish you'd tried a rather different plan.

[Exeunt.]

ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ. ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΙΔΗΣ.

- Στρ. Πέμπτη, τετράς, τρίτη, μετὰ ταύτην δευτέρα,
 εἴθ' ἦν ἐγὼ μάλιστα πασῶν ἡμερῶν
 δέδοικα καὶ πέφρικα καὶ βδελύττομαι,
 εὐθύς μετὰ ταύτην ἔσθ' ἔνη τε καὶ νέα.
 πᾶς γάρ τις ὁμνὺς οἷς ὀφείλων τυγχάνω 1135
 θεῖς μοι πρυτανεῖ' ἀπολεῖν μέ φησι κάξολεῖν·
 κάμου μέτρι' ἅττα καὶ δίκαι' αἰτουμένον,
 'ὦ δαιμόνιε, τὸ μέν τι νυνὶ μὴ λάβης,
 τὸ δ' ἀναβαλοῦ μοι, τὸ δ' ἄφες,' οὐ φασίν ποτε
 οὕτως ἀπολήψεσθ', ἀλλὰ λοιδοροῦσί με 1140
 ὥς ἄδικός εἰμι, καὶ δικάσασθαί φασί μοι.
 νῦν οὖν δικάζεσθων· ὀλίγον γάρ μοι μέλει,
 εἴπερ μεμάθηκεν εὖ λέγειν Φειδιππίδης.
 τάχα δ' εἴσομαι κόψας τὸ φροντιστήριον.
 παῖ, ἡμί, παῖ παῖ. Σω. Στρεψιάδην ἀσπάζομαι.
 Στρ. κάγωγέ σ'. ἀλλὰ τουτονὶ πρῶτον λαβέ· 1146
 χρή γὰρ ἐπιθανμάζειω τι τὸν διδάσκαλον.
 καὶ μοι τὸν υἱόν, εἰ μεμάθηκε τὸν λόγον
 ἐκεῖνον, εἴφ', ὃν ἀρτίως εἰσήγαγες.
 Σω. μεμάθηκεν. Στρ. εὖ γ', ὦ παμβασίλει' Ἀπαιόλη.
 Σω. ὥστ' ἀποφύγοις ἂν ἦντι' ἂν βούλῃ δίκην. 1151
 Στρ. κεῖ μάρτυρες παρήσαν, ὅτ' ἔδανειζόμεν;
 Σω. πολλῷ γε μᾶλλον, κὰν παρῶσι χίλιοι.
 Στρ. βοάσομαί τ᾽ ἄρα τὰν ὑπέρτονον
 βοάν. ἰώ, κλάετ' ὦ βολοστάται, 1155

ACT III

The same.

[Enter STREPSIADES, with a sack over his back.]

Str. The twenty-eighth, the twenty-ninth, the thirtieth,
And then the day of all days in the year
Which I most fear and dread and hate and curse,
The thirty-first, when I must pay my debts.
For all my creditors have sworn an oath
To take a summons out and ruin me.
I've been to them and made the fairest offers:
'You won't mind, if I don't pay part just now,
'Part you'll have soon, the rest you'll let me off.'
And yet they say they won't accept these terms:
They call me cheat and swear they'll have the law.
Well, let them go to law, for I don't care,
When once Phidippides has learnt to speak.
I'll knock and ask how he is getting on.

[Goes to Thinking-School.]

Hullo there!

Socr. How d'you do, Strepsiades?

Str. Quite well, thanks. Here! I've brought your bag
of meal.

One must do something to repay one's teacher.
About my son, I brought to you just now—
Has he contrived to learn that argument?

Socr. Oh yes! he's learnt it all.

Str. Deceit be praised!

Socr. Now you can get off any charge you like.

Str. Ev'n if I borrowed before witnesses?

Socr. Oh dear, yes! the more witnesses the better.

Str. Now will I raise
The song of praise.
Farewell, a long farewell
To usurers distress;

- αὐτοί τε καὶ τάρχαῖα καὶ τόκοι τόκων·
οὐδὲν γὰρ ἂν με φλαῦρον ἐργάσαισθ' ἔτι·
οἷος ἐμοὶ τρέφεται
τοῖσδ' ἐνὶ δώμασι παῖς,
ἀμφήκει γλώττη λάμπων, 1160
πρόβολος ἐμός, σωτὴρ δόμοις, ἐχθροῖς βλάβη,
λυσανίας πατρώων μεγάλων κακῶν·
ὃν κάλεσον τρέχων ἐνδοθεν ὡς ἐμέ.
- Σω. ὦ τέκνον, ὦ παῖ, 1165
ἐξελθ' οἴκων, ἅϊε σοῦ πατρός.
ᾧδ' ἐκείνος ἀνήρ.
- Στρ. ὦ φίλος, ὦ φίλος.
Σω. ἄπιθι λαβὼν τὸν υἱόν.
Στρ. ἰὼ ἰὼ τέκνον,
ἰοῦ ἰοῦ. 1170
ὡς ἦδομαί σου πρῶτα τὴν χροιάν ἰδών.
νῦν μὲν γ' ἰδεῖν εἴ πρῶτον ἑξαρνητικὸς
κἀντιλογικὸς, καὶ τοῦτο τοῦπιχώριον
ἀτεχνῶς ἐπανθεῖ, τὸ 'τί λέγεις σύ;' καὶ δοκεῖν
ἀδικοῦντ' ἀδικεῖσθαι καὶ κακουργοῦντ', οἷδ' ὅτι· 1175
ἐπὶ τοῦ προσώπου τ' ἐστὶν Ἀττικὸν βλέπος.
νῦν οὖν ὅπως σώσεις μ', ἐπεὶ κἀπώλεσας.
- Φει. φοβεῖ δὲ δὴ τί; Στρ. τὴν ἔνην τε καὶ νέαν.
Φει. ἔνη γάρ ἐστι καὶ νέα τις; Στρ. ἡμέρα,
εἰς ἣν γε θήσκειν τὰ πρυτανεῖά φασί μοι. 1180
- Φει. ἀπολοῦσ' ἄρ' αὐθ' οἱ θέντες· οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅπως
μί' ἡμέρα γένοιτ' ἂν ἡμέραι δύο.
- Στρ. οὐκ ἂν γένοιτο; Φει. πῶς γάρ; εἰ μὴ πέρ γ' ἅμα
αὐτὴ γένοιτ' ἂν γραῦς τε καὶ νέα γυνή.
- Στρ. εὖ γ', ὦ κακοδαίμονες, τί κάθησθ' ἀβέλτεροι, 1201
ἡμέτερα κέρδη τῶν σοφῶν ὄντες, λίθοι,
ἀριθμός, πρόβατ' ἄλλως, ἀμφορῆς νενησμένοι;
ὥστ' εἰς ἐμαντὸν καὶ τὸν υἱὸν τουτονὶ

Go, Capital, to Hell,
And Compound Interest.
No longer can you harm me: I am free.
My son is at my side,
My champion and my pride,
His sharp tongue flashing to defend my plea.
He'll save the house from ill
And squash each heavy bill:
Oh! run and fetch him quickly here to me.

Socr. Come forth, come forth, my son,
List to thy father's voice.
Behold! the work is done. [Enter PHIDIPPIDES.

Str. Now let my heart rejoice.

Socr. Take thy son and go thy way.

Str. My child, my child, Calloo! Callay! [Exit SOCRATES.
First, I *am* glad to see you look so pale,
At last Denial's written on your face
And Contradiction, and the fine fresh bloom
Of Philosophic Doubt; 'What's that you say?'
You've got the mask of injured innocence,
Which hides the villain—Yes, I know it well.
In your eyes shines the real old Attic look.
Now save me, as you ruined me before.

Phid. Why, what alarms you so?

Str. The thirty-first.

Phid. The thirty-first? what's that?

Str. Of course the day

On which they swear they'll take a summons out.

Phid. Confound them and their summons: one day can't
Be both the thirtieth and first as well.

Str. Why, what d'you mean?

Phid. Mean! why how could a girl
Be one year old and thirty—both at once?

Str. [To the audience.] My poor dear friends, why d'you sit
gaping there?

We've got the wits, and you are just our victims,
You're mere stones, ciphers, jam-pots in a row—
So don't mind if I sing a bar or two

ἐπ' εὐτυχίαισιν ἀστέον μούγκώμιον. 1205

‘μάκαρ ὦ Στρεψιάδες,
αὐτός τ' ἔφυς ὡς σοφός,
χοῖον τὸν υἱὸν τρέφεις,
φήσουσι δὴ μ' οἱ φίλοι
χοῖ δημόται, 1210

ζηλοῦντες ἥνίκ' ἂν σὺ νικᾷς λέγων τὰς δίκας.
ἄλλ' εἰσάγων σε βούλομαι πρῶτον ἐστιῶσαι.

ΠΑΣΙΑΣ.

Πα. εἴτ' ἄνδρα τῶν αὐτοῦ τι χρή προίεναι;
οὐδέποτε γ', ἀλλὰ κρεῖττον εὐθὺς ἦν τότε 1215
ἀπερυθριάσαι μᾶλλον ἢ σχεῖν πράγματα,
ὅτε τῶν ἐμαυτοῦ γ' ἕνεκα νυνὶ χρημάτων
ἔλκω σε κλητεύσονται, καὶ γενήσομαι
ἐχθρὸς ἔτι πρὸς τούτοισιν ἀνδρὶ δημότῃ.
ἀτὰρ οὐδέποτε γε τὴν πατρίδα καταισχυνῶ 1220
ζῶν, ἀλλὰ καλοῦμαι Στρεψιάδην— Στρ. τίς οὐτοσί;

Πα. ἐς τὴν ἔνῃν τε καὶ νέαν. Στρ. μαρτύρομαι,
ὅτι ἐς δὺ εἶπεν ἡμέρας. τοῦ χρήματος;

Πα. τῶν δώδεκα μνῶν, ἃς ἔλαβες ὠνούμενος
τὸν ψαρὸν ἵππον. Στρ. ἵππον; οὐκ ἀκούετε; 1225
ὃν πάντες ὑμεῖς ἴστε μισοῦνθ' ἵππικῇν.

Πα. καὶ νῇ Δί' ἀποδώσειν γ' ἐπώμνυς τοὺς θεούς.

Στρ. μὰ τὸν Δί'· οὐ γάρ πω τότ' ἐξηπίστατο
Φειδιππίδης μοι τὸν ἀκατάβλητον λόγον.

Πα. νῦν δὲ διὰ τοῦτ' ἔξαρνος εἶναι διανοεῖ; 1230

Στρ. τί γὰρ ἄλλ' ἂν ἀπολαύσαιμι τοῦ μαθήματος;

Πα. καὶ ταῦτ' ἐθελήσεις ἀπομόσαι μοι τοὺς θεούς;

Στρ. ποίους θεούς;

Πα. τὸν Δία, τὸν Ἑρμῆν, τὸν Ποσειδῶ. Στρ. νῇ Δία,
κἂν προσκαταθείην γ', ὥστ' ὁμόσαι, τριώβολον.

Πα. ἀπόλοιο τοῖνυν ἕνεκ' ἀναιδεΐας ἔτι. 1236

About our good luck, mine and my son's here.

'Bravo, old Strepsiades,

You're a match for two,

And your boy Phidippides,

He takes after you.'

That's what you're sure to hear

All the neighbours cry,

When they greet you with a cheer,

As you're passing by,

Back from your victory over the law:

So come home to dinner and sharpen your jaw.

[*Exeunt STREPSIADES and PHIDIPPIDES.*]

[*Enter PASIAS, accompanied by a friend.*]

Pas. Must a man then just throw his money broadcast?

Of course not, but I should have done far better

To have said 'no' at once without a blush,

Instead of having all this bother now.

Just think! to get my money back again.

I have to drag you here to act as witness,

And make myself obnoxious to a friend.

But while I live, I won't disgrace my country:

I'll summons old Strepsiades—

Str. (from inside) Who's there?

Pas. To answer on the thirty-first— [*Enter STREPSIADES.*]

Str. Now, sir,

Please witness that he named two days. What for?

Pas. The fifty pounds you borrowed for that chestnut.

Str. Chestnut! I beg you all to listen to him:

You all know that I'm not a horsey man.

Pas. By heaven! you swore by all the gods to pay.

Str. By heaven! Phidippides had not then learnt

The argument incontrovertible.

Pas. And do you now mean to deny the debt?

Str. If not, I get no profit from my schooling.

Pas. Are you prepared to swear by all the gods?

Str. Gods! what d'you mean?

Pas. Poseidon, Hermes, Zeus.

Str. By Zeus, I'd pay an extra bob to swear.

Pas. Confound you then, sir, for your impudence.

Στρ. ἁλσὶν διασμηχθεὶς ὄναιτ' ἂν οὔτοσί.

Πα. οἴμ' ὥς καταγελάς. Στρ. ἔξ χόας χωρήσεται.

Πα. οὐ τοι μὰ τὸν Δία τὸν μέγαν καὶ τοὺς θεοὺς
ἐμοῦ καταπροίξει. Στρ. θαυμασίως ἦσθην θεοῖς,
καὶ Ζεὺς γέλοιος ὀμνύμενος τοῖς εἰδόσιν. 1241

Πα. ἦ μὴν σὺ τούτων τῷ χρόνῳ δώσεις δίκην.
ἀλλ' εἴτ' ἀποδώσεις μοι τὰ χρήματ' εἴτε μή,
ἀπόπεμψον ἀποκρινάμενος. Στρ. ἔχε νυν ἦσυχος.
ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτίκ' ἀποκρινοῦμαί σοι σαφῶς. 1245

Πα. τί σοι δοκεῖ δράσειν; ἀποδώσειν σοι δοκεῖ;

Στρ. ποῦ 'σθ' οὔτος ἀπαιτῶν με τὰργύριον; λέγε,
τουτὶ τί ἔστι; Πα. τοῦθ' ὃ τι ἔστί; κάρδοπος.

Στρ. ἔπειτ' ἀπαιτεῖς τὰργύριον τοιοῦτος ὢν;
οὐκ ἂν ἀποδοίην οὐδ' ἂν ὀβολὸν οὐδενί, 1250
ὅστις καλέσειε κάρδοπον τὴν καρδόπην.

Πα. οὐκ ἄρ' ἀποδώσεις; Στρ. οὐχ, ὅσον γέ μ' εἰδέναι.
οὔκουν ἀνύσας τι θᾶττον ἀπολιταργιεῖς
ἀπὸ τῆς θύρας; Πα. ἅπειμι, καὶ τοῦτ' ἴσθ', ὅτι
θήσω πρυτανεῖ', ἣ μηκέτι ζῶην ἐγώ. 1255

Στρ. προσαποβαλεῖς ἄρ' αὐτὰ πρὸς ταῖς δώδεκα.
καίτοι σε τοῦτό γ' οὐχὶ βούλομαι παθεῖν,
ὅτι ἢ κάλεσας εὐηθικῶς τὴν κάρδοπον.

ΑΜΥΝΙΑΣ.

Αμ. ἰώ μοί μοι.

Στρ. ἕα· τίς οὔτοσί ποτ' ἔσθ' ὁ θρηνῶν; οὐ τί που 1260
τῶν Καρκίνου τις δαιμόνων ἐφθέγξατο;

Αμ. τί δ' ὅστις εἰμί, τοῦτο βούλεσθ' εἰδέναι;
ἀνὴρ κακοδαίμων. Στρ. κατὰ σεαυτὸν νυν τρέπου.

Αμ. ὦ σκληρὲ δαῖμον, ὦ τύχαι θραυσάντυγες
ἵππων ἐμῶν· ὦ Παλλὰς, ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας. 1265

Στρ. τί δαί σε Τληπόλεμός ποτ' εἵργασται κακόν;

Αμ. μὴ σκῶπτέ μ', ὦ τάν, ἀλλὰ μοι τὰ χρήματα

Str. He'd make a lovely tub with a coat of varnish.

Pas. D'you dare to laugh at me?

Str. He'd hold six gallons.

Pas. By Zeus and all the gods in heaven, you shan't
Make fun of me for nothing.

Str. I do like his gods:

Zeus is a real joke, when you're in the know.

Pas. One day I'll take it out of you for this.

Just tell me if you mean to pay or not,

And let me go.

Str. Now, just you wait a bit.

I'll answer plain enough in half a minute.

[*Exit STREPSIADES.*]

Pas. (*To his friend.*) What will he do? d'you think he'll
pay the money? [*Enter STREPSIADES.*]

Str. Now where's the chap who's asking me to pay?

Just tell me, please, what this is.

Pas. That, a meal-trough.

Str. And yet you expect to get your money back!

I really couldn't pay a man a penny

Who dares to call a femeal-trough a meal-trough.

Pas. You're sure you won't pay then?

Str. Not if I know it.

And as for you, make haste and take your hook.

Pas. All right, I'll go, but, as I live, I warn you

I'll take a summons out immediately.

Str. You'll lose your costs besides your fifty pounds.

[*Exit PASIAS.*]

And yet I hardly want you to do that:

You fell into the 'meal-trough' trap so nicely.

[*Enter AMYNIAS.*]

Am. Oh dear! oh dear!

Str. Hullo! who's this lamenting? can it be
Some god out of a play of Carcinus?

Am. D'you want to know who *I* am? I'm a most
Unlucky fellow.

Str. Don't come near us then.

Am. 'O cruel chance, that broke my chariot-rail:
O fate! O Pallas, thou hast me undone.'

Str. Why what harm has Tlepolemus done you now?

Am. Now don't laugh at me, sir, but tell your son

- τὸν νῖδον ἀποδοῦναι κέλευσον ἄλαβεν,
ἄλλως τε μέντοι καὶ κακῶς πεπραγότει.
- Στρ. τὰ ποῖα ταῦτα χρήμαθ'; Αμ. ἀδανείσατο. 1270
- Στρ. κακῶς ἄρ' ὄντως εἶχες, ὥς γ' ἐμοὶ δοκεῖς.
- Αμ. ἵππους ἐλαύνων ἐξέπεσον νῆ τοὺς θεούς.
- Στρ. τί δῆτα ληρεῖς ὥσπερ ἀπ' ὄνου καταπεσών;
- Αμ. ληρῶ, τὰ χρήματ' ἀπολαβεῖν εἰ βούλομαι;
- Στρ. οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως σύ γ' αὐτὸς ὑγιαίνεις. Αμ. τί δαί;
- Στρ. τὸν ἐγκέφαλον ὥσπερ σεσεῖσθαί μοι δοκεῖς. 1276
- Αμ. σὺ δὲ νῆ τὸν Ἑρμῆν προσκεκλησθαί μοι δοκεῖς,
εἰ μὰ ποδώσεις τὰργύριον. Στρ. κάτειπέ νυν,
πότερα νομίζεις καυδὸν αἰὲ τὸν Δία
ὔειω ὕδωρ ἐκάστοτ', ἢ τὸν ἥλιον 1280
ἔλκειν κάτωθεν ταῦτ' οὗθ' ὕδωρ πάλιν;
- Αμ. οὐκ οἶδ' ἔγωγ' ὁπότερον, οὐδέ μοι μέλει.
- Στρ. πῶς οὖν ἀπολαβεῖν τὰργύριον δίκαιος εἶ,
εἰ μηδὲν οἶσθα τῶν μετεώρων πραγμάτων;
- Αμ. ἀλλ' εἰ σπανίζεις, τὰργυρίου μοι τὸν τόκον 1285
ἀπόδοτε. Στρ. τοῦτο δ' ἔσθ' ὁ τόκος τί θηρίον;
- Αμ. τί δ' ἄλλο γ' ἢ κατὰ μῆνα καὶ καθ' ἡμέραν
πλέον πλέον τὰργύριον αἰὲ γίγνεται,
ὑπορρέοντος τοῦ χρόνου; Στρ. καλῶς λέγεις.
τί δῆτα; τὴν θάλατταν ἔσθ' ὅτι πλείονα 1290
νυνὶ νομίζεις ἢ πρὸ τοῦ; Αμ. μὰ Δί', ἀλλ' ἴσην.
οὐ γὰρ δίκαιον πλείον' εἶναι. Στρ. κατὰ πῶς
αὕτη μέν, ὦ κακόδαιμον, οὐδὲν γίγνεται. 1295
ἐπιρρεόντων τῶν ποταμῶν πλείων, σὺ δὲ
ζητεῖς ποιῆσαι τὰργύριον πλείον τὸ σόν;
οὐκ ἀποδιώξεις σαυτὸν ἀπὸ τῆς οἰκίας;
φέρει μοι τὸ κέντρον. Αμ. ταῦτ' ἐγὼ μαρτύρομαι.
- Στρ. ὕπαγε, τί μέλλεις; οὐκ ἐλᾶς, ὦ σαμφόρα;
- Αμ. ταῦτ' οὐχ ὕβρις δῆτ' ἐστίν; Στρ. ἄξεις; ἐπιαλῶ
κεντῶν ὑπὸ τὸν πρωκτόν σε τὸν σειραφόρον. 1300

To give me back the money that he borrowed :
I want it badly since this accident.

Str. What money?

Am. Why the money that I lent him.

Str. Good Lord ! you really are in a bad way.

Am. I am : I've just been thrown by my new pair.

Str. You talk as if you'd been thrown on your nut.

Am. I talk ? I only want my money back.

Str. You're not quite well, my good sir.

Am. What d'you mean?

Str. I'm sure you've got concussion of the brain.

Am. I'm sure you'll find yourself in court quite soon,
If you don't pay my money.

Str. Tell me then,

Do you believe, each time it rains, that Zeus
Sends down fresh water, or d'you think the sun
Draws up the same rain from the earth again ?

Am. I don't know really and don't care a scrap.

Str. What right have you to get your money back,
If you know nothing of the atmosphere ?

Am. Well, if you're hard up, pay the interest.

Str. What sort of animal 's this interest ?

Am. Why, month by month, and day by day it grows
Larger and larger, as the time goes by.

Str. Well, what d'you think about the sea ? Does it
Grow larger that it used to be ?

Am. Of course not :

How could it possibly ?

Str. Then, my good sir,

If all these rivers flow into the sea
And cannot make it larger, how can you
Expect your wretched interest to grow ?
Now just make yourself scarce and leave the house.
Bring me the whip.

Am. I'll summons you for that.

Str. Get along with you.—Drive on, old grey mare.

Am. I'll charge you for assault.

Str. Now trot along,
Old wheeler, or I'll prick you up a bit.

- φεύγεις; ἔμελλον σ' ἄρα κινήσειν ἐγὼ
αὐτοῖς τροχοῖς τοῖς σοῖσι καὶ ξυνωρίσιν.
Χορ. οἶον τὸ πραγμάτων ἐρᾶν φλαύρων· ὁ γὰρ
γέρων ὄδ' ἐρασθεὶς
ἀποστερήσαι βούλεται 1305
τὰ χρήμαθ' ἀδανείσατο·
κοῦκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ τήμερόν τι λήψεται
πρᾶγμ', ὃ τοῦτον ποιήσει τὸν σοφιστήν, 1309
ἀνθ' ὧν πανουργεῖν ἤρξατ', ἐξαίφνης κακὸν λαβεῖν τι.
οἶμαι γὰρ αὐτὸν ἀντίχ' εὐρήσειν ὅπερ
πάλαι ποτ' ἐπῆτει,
εἶναι τὸν νίδν δεινόν οἱ
γνώμας ἐναντίας λέγειν 1314
τοῖσιν δικαίοις, ὥστε νικᾶν οἷσπερ ἂν
ξυγγένηται, κὰν λέγῃ παμπόνηρα.
ἴσως δ', ἴσως βουλήσεται κάφωνον αὐτὸν εἶναι.

ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ. ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΙΔΗΣ. ΧΟΡΟΣ.

- Στρ. ἰὸν ἰού. 1321
ὦ γείτονες καὶ ξυγγενεῖς καὶ δημόται,
ἀμυνάθετέ μοι τυπτομένῳ πάσῃ τέχνῃ.
οἶμοι κακοδαίμων τῆς κεφαλῆς καὶ τῆς γνάθου. 1324
ὦ μιარέ, τύπτεις τὸν πατέρα; Φει. φήμ', ὦ πάτερ.
Στρ. ὁρᾷθ' ὁμολογοῦνθ' ὅτι με τύπτει. Φει. καὶ μάλα.
Στρ. ὦ μιარέ καὶ πατραλοῖα καὶ τοιχωρύχε.
Φει. αὐθὶς με ταῦτα ταῦτα καὶ πλείω λέγε.
ἄρ' οἶσθ' ὅτι χαίρω πόλλ' ἀκούων καὶ κακά; 1329
Στρ. ὦ παμπόνηρε. Φει. πάττε πολλοῖς τοῖς ῥόδοις.
Στρ. τὸν πατέρα τύπτεις; Φει. κάποφανῶ γε νῆ Δία
ὥς ἐν δίκῃ σ' ἔτυπτον. Στρ. ὦ μιαρώτατε,
καὶ πῶς γένοιτ' ἂν πατέρα τύπτειν ἐν δίκῃ;
Φει. ἔγωγ' ἀποδείξω, καὶ σε νικήσω λέγων.
Στρ. τουτὶ σὺ νικήσεις; Φει. πολὺ γε καὶ ῥαδίως.

You're going? Yes, I thought I'd make you move,
You and your trap and wheels and everything.

[*Exeunt AMYNIAS and STREPSIADES.*]

Chor. How sad the end of vicious aims! This old man's
aims were vicious,
And now to cheat of what they lent His creditors
he wishes:

O horrid plan! O bad old man!

You'll see before to-morrow

Unless I very greatly err He'll make this new philo-
sopher

To suffer pain and sorrow.

He'll find his son (which long has been His object
and endeavour)

Is trained to be at pleas unjust Particularly clever:

In every fight By wrong or right

He'll make his foes knock under,—

But if perchance in time to come

Papa should wish the youth were dumb

I should not greatly wonder!

[*Enter STREPSIADES, pursued by PHIDIPPIDES.*]

Str. Friends, neighbours, countrymen, lend me your aid.
Save me from getting flogged to death—make haste!
Oh! my poor head! oh! how my jaw does ache!
You brute! beat your old father?

Phid. Just so, father.

Str. D'you hear how he admits it?

Phid. Certainly.

Str. You brute! you parricide! you house-breaker!

Phid. Oh! please go on: call me a few more names.

I'm pleased as Punch, when I get slanged like that.

Str. Ill-mannered beast!

Phid. Shower your roses on me.

Str. Beat your own father?

Phid. Yes, and I can prove

That I'm quite right.

Str. You cad! how can it be

Right for a son to beat his poor old father?

Phid. I'll demonstrate it and convince you too.

Str. What? you'll convince me!

Phid. Yes, quite easily.

- ἐλοῦ δ' ὁπότερον τοῖν λόγουν βούλει λέγειν. 1336
- Στρ. ποίοιν λόγουν; Φει. τὸν κρείττον' ἢ τὸν ἥττονα;
- Στρ. ἐδιδασάμην μέντοι σε νῆ Δί', ὦ μέλε,
τοῖσιν δίκαιοις ἀντιλέγειν, εἰ ταῦτά γε
μέλλεις ἀναπείσειν, ὥς δίκαιον καὶ καλὸν 1340
τὸν πατέρα τύπτεσθ' ἐστὶν ὑπὸ τῶν νιέων.
- Φει. ἀλλ' οἶομαι μέντοι σ' ἀναπείσειν, ὥστε γε
οὐδ' αὐτὸς ἀκροασάμενος οὐδὲν ἀντερεῖς.
- Στρ. καὶ μὴν ὃ τι καὶ λέξεις ἀκοῦσαι βούλομαι.
- Χορ. σὸν ἔργον, ὦ πρεσβῦτα, φροντίζειν ὅπη 1345
τὸν ἄνδρα κρατήσεις,
ὥς οὗτος, εἰ μὴ τῷ 'πεποιθὲν, οὐκ ἂν ἦν
οὕτως ἀκόλαστος.
ἀλλ' ἔσθ' ὅτῳ θρασύνεται· δῆλόν γε τὰν-
θρώπου 'στὶ τὸ λῆμα. 1350
- ἀλλ' ἐξ ὅτου τὸ πρῶτον ἤρξαθ' ἡ μάχη γενέσθαι,
ἤδη λέγειν χρὴ πρὸς χορόν· πάντως δὲ τοῦτο δράσεις.
- Στρ. καὶ μὴν ὅθεν γε πρῶτον ἤρξάμεσθα λοιδορεῖσθαι
ἐγὼ φράσω· 'πειδὴ γὰρ εἰστιώμεθ', ὥσπερ ἴστε,
πρῶτον μὲν αὐτὸν τὴν λύραν λαβόντ' ἐγὼ 'κέλευσα
ᾄσαι Σιμωνίδου μέλος, τὸν Κριόν, ὥς ἐπέχθη. 1356
ὃ δ' εὐθέως ἀρχαῖον εἶν' ἔφασκε τὸ κιθαρίζειν
ᾄδειν τε πίνονθ', ὥσπερ εἰ κάχρυσ γυναικ' ἀλοῦσαν.
- Φει. οὐ γὰρ τότε εὐθὺς χρὴν σ' ἄρα τύπτεσθαί τε καὶ
πατεῖσθαι,
ᾄδειν κελεύονθ', ὥσπερ εἰ τέττιγας ἐστιῶντα; 1360
- Στρ. τοιαῦτα μέντοι καὶ τότε' ἔλεγεν ἔνδον, οἷάπερ νῦν,
καὶ τὸν Σιμωνίδην ἔφασκ' εἶναι κακὸν ποιητήν.
κἀγὼ μόλις μὲν ἀλλ' ὅμως ἠνεσχόμην τὸ πρῶτον·
ἔπειτα δ' ἐκέλευσ' αὐτὸν ἀλλὰ μυρρίνην λαβόντα
τῶν Αἰσχύλου λέξαι τί μοι· καὶ οὗτος εὐθὺς εἶπεν,
'ἐγὼ γὰρ Αἰσχύλου νομίζω πρῶτον ἐν ποιηταῖς, 1366
ψόφου πλέων, ἀξύστατον, στόμφακα, κρημνοποιόν;'

Now choose which Argument you'd like to hear.

Str. Argument?

Phid. Yes, the Better or the Worse?

Str. Good heavens! I must indeed have got you taught
To refute justice, if you're really able
To prove to me that it's quite right and just
That fathers should be beaten by their sons.

Phid. Yet I believe I'll show it you so clearly,
You won't want to deny a single word.

Str. Well, I'll consent to hear what you can say.

Chor. Now bethink you, aged man,
How to worst him if you can,
Though in argument he's dangerously pat—
And I cannot but believe
He has something up his sleeve,
Or he'd ne'er be so unprincipled as that!
So tell us how the fight began and lay the case before us:
I'm certain that you can't object to state it to the
Chorus.

Str. Well, I'll tell you, if you wish it, how this fatal quarrel
grew:

I was giving him a dinner—as you know I meant to do—
And I asked him if he wouldn't take his lyre and
play a piece

Like that song of old Simonides, 'The Ram who
lost his Fleece';

But he said none but old fossils cared to play the
lyre still,

And to sing while they were drinking, like a woman
at the mill.

Phid. Surely that deserved a beating, and a good sound
hiding too,

To ask for songs at dinner, as old fogeys used to do.

Str. Only hear the stuff he's talking—that is what he said
just now,

And as for poor Simonides, he wasn't worth a blow.
So I handed him a myrtle-branch and asked him to
recite

A little bit of Aeschylus: at that he cursed outright:
'D'you suppose that I call Aeschylus a poet worth
the name?

He's a noisy, incoherent, break-jaw ranter past all
shame.'

κάνταῦθα πῶς οἶεσθέ μου τὴν καρδίαν ὀρεχθεῖν;
ὅμως δὲ τὸν θυμὸν δακῶν ἔφην, 'σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ
τούτων

λέξον τι τῶν νεωτέρων, ἅττ' ἐστὶ τὰ σοφὰ ταῦτα.
ὁ δ' εὐθὺς ἦσ' Εὐριπίδου ῥῆσιν τω', ὡς ἔτυπτεν 1371
ἀδελφός, ὠλεξίκακε, τὴν ὁμομητρίαν ἀδελφήν.
κἀγὼ οὐκέτ' ἐξηνεσχόμην, ἀλλ' εὐθὺς ἐξαράττω
πολλοῖς κακοῖς καίσχροῖσι· κἄτ' ἐντεῦθεν, οἶον εἰκός,
ἔπος πρὸς ἔπος ἡρειδόμεσθ'. εἴθ' οὗτος ἐπαναπηδᾷ,
κἄπειτ' ἔφλα με κάσπόδει κἄπνιγε κἀπέτριβεν. 1376

Φει. οὐκουν δικαίως, ὅστις οὐκ Εὐριπίδην ἐπαινεῖς,
σοφώτατον; Στρ. σοφώτατόν γ' ἐκείνον, ᾧ—τί σ'
εἴπω;

ἀλλ' αὐθις αὖ τυπτήσομαι. Φει. νῆ τὸν Δί', ἐν δίκῃ
γ' ἄν.

Στρ. καὶ πῶς δικαίως; ὅστις ὠναίσχυντέ σ' ἐξέθρεψα, 1380
αἰσθανόμενός σου πάντα τραυλίζοντας, ὃ τι νοοῖς.
εἰ μὲν γε βρῶν εἴποις, ἐγὼ γνοὺς ἂν πιεῖν ἐπέσχον·
μαμμᾶν δ' ἂν αἰτήσαντος ἡκόν σοι φέρων ἂν
ἄρτον.

Χορ. οἶμαί γε τῶν νεωτέρων τὰς καρδίας 1391
πηδᾶν, ὃ τι λέξει.

εἰ γὰρ τοιαῦτά γ' οὗτος ἐξεργασμένος
λαλῶν ἀναπείσει,
τὸ δέρμα τῶν γεραιτέρων λάβοιμεν ἂν 1395
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐρεβίνθου.

σὸν ἔργον, ᾧ καυῶν ἐπῶν κινητὰ καὶ μοχλευτά,
πειθῶ τινα ζητεῖν, ὅπως δόξεις λέγειν δίκαια.

Φει. ὥς ἡδὺν καινοῖς πράγμασιν καὶ δεξιόις ὁμιλεῖν, 1399
καὶ τῶν καθεστώτων νόμων ὑπερφρονεῖν δύνασθαι.
ἐγὼ γὰρ ὅτε μὲν ἱππικῇ τὸν νοῦν μόνον προσείχον,
οὐδ' ἂν τρεῖς εἰπεῖν ῥήμαθ' οἷός τ' ἦν πρὶν ἐξα-
μαρτεῖν·

Then, as you can well imagine, I was furious, but still
I bit my lip and answered: 'Well, just sing me, if
you will,

Something out of the new poets, something really
good and smart.'

So he sang me some Euripides, a tale about the wrong
That some brute did to his sister: God forgive him
for the song.

Then I really couldn't stand it, but I let him have it
hot:

I swore and cursed him roundly, and so after that
we fought

Tooth and nail, as we were bound to, and the end
was—out he flew,

And pummelled me and stifled me and beat me
black and blue.

Phid. And richly you deserve it: you don't like Euripides
The cleverest of poets—

Str. Oh! you—no, don't hit me, please,
I didn't call you anything.

Phid. My goodness! just you try.

Str. You ungrateful brute, I brought you up and when
you used to cry

I knew what you were wanting, and you hadn't to
ask twice:

You only had to whine and whimper 'brun' and in
a trice

I was off to get you milk, and if you shook your
little head

And called again for 'mamma,' then I knew you
wanted bread.

Chor. All the youngsters, it is clear,

Long impatiently to hear

How their interests this champion will protect:

For I wouldn't give a pin

For an aged parent's skin

Should he prove that his behaviour was correct.

So now, my engineer of words and curious novel
pleadings,

Make out a case to justify your somewhat strange
proceedings.

Phid. It's a jolly life I'm leading in the New Philosophy,
With an absolute contempt for all the law's authority.

For while I lived for horses and was always in the
Ring,

I couldn't speak two sentences without some blun-
dering:

νυνὶ δ' ἐπειδὴ μ' οὐτοσὶ τούτων ἔπαυσεν αὐτός,
 γνώμαις δὲ λεπταῖς καὶ λόγοις ξύνειμι καὶ μερί-
 μναις,

οἶμαι διδάξειν ὥς δίκαιον τὸν πατέρα κολάζειν. 1405

Στρ. ἵππευε τοῖνον νῆ Δί', ὥς ἔμοιγε κρεῖττον ἔστιν
 ἵππων τρέφειν τέθριππον ἢ τυπτόμενον ἐπιτρι-
 βῆναι.

Φει. ἐκέισε δ' ὅθεν ἀπέσχισάς με τοῦ λόγου μέτειμι,
 καὶ πρῶτ' ἐρήσομαί σε τουτί· παῖδά μ' ὄντ'
 ἔτυπτες;

Στρ. ἔγωγέ σ', εὐνοῶν γε καὶ κηδόμενος. Φει. εἰπὲ δὴ
 μοι, 1410

οὐ καμέ σοι δίκαιόν ἐστιν εὐνοεῖν ὁμοίως,
 τύπτειν τ', ἐπειδὴ περ γε τοῦτ' ἐστ' εὐνοεῖν, τὸ τύ-
 πτειν;

πῶς γὰρ τὸ μὲν σὸν σῶμα χρή πληγῶν ἀθῶον
 εἶναι,

τοῦμόν δὲ μή; καὶ μὴν ἔφυν ἐλεύθερός γε
 καγώ.

‘ κλάουσι παῖδες, πατέρα δ' οὐ κλάειν δοκεῖς; ’ 1415

φήσεις νομίζεσθαι σὺ παιδὸς τοῦτο τοῦργον εἶναι·

ἐγὼ δέ γ' ἀντίποιμ' ἂν ὥς δις παῖδες οἱ γέροντες.

εἰκὸς δὲ μᾶλλον τοὺς γέροντας ἢ νέους τι κλάειν,

ὅσῳ περ ἐξαμαρτάνειν ἤττον δίκαιον αὐτούς.

Στρ. ἐμοὶ μέν, ὦνδρες ἥλικες, δοκεῖ λέγειν δίκαια· 1437
 καῖμοιγε συγχωρεῖν δοκεῖ τούτοισι τὰ πιεικῇ.

κλάειν γὰρ ἡμᾶς εἰκὸς ἐστ', ἣν μὴ δίκαια δρῶμεν.

Φει. σκέψαι δὲ χατέρα νῦν ἐτι γνώμην. Στρ. ἀπὸ γὰρ
 ὀλοῦμαι. 1440

Φει. καὶ μὴν ἴσως γ' οὐκ ἀχθέσει παθὼν ἃ νῦν
 πέπονθας.

Στρ. πῶς δὴ; διδάξον γὰρ τί μ' ἐκ τούτων ἐπωφε-
 λήσεις.

But now my father's cured me of those childish interests,

And I'm all for subtle theories and arguments and tests,

I believe that I can demonstrate that parent-beating's just.

Str. Oh! the old days were far better, please be horsey, if you must;

I'd much rather keep your racers than be pummelled by your fist.

Phid. Let us come back to our argument, from which you just digressed:

First, please answer me a question: did you beat me as a boy?

Str. Yes, but always for your good, and never merely to annoy.

Phid. Well then, doesn't it seem just that I should think of your good too?

If one's good is just a beating, then I can't help beating you.

For it surely can't be proper that you shouldn't get a touch,

When I've felt the rod so often—I was born free just as much.

As the poet says, 'The children cry and shan't the father weep?'

You will say that's not the custom that we usually keep:

For we think it is the business of the child to weep and cry:

Well, old age is second childhood, I am ready to reply:

And there's all the better reason why the old should weep and wail,

For it's very much more wicked, when the old in duty fail.

Str. Well, my friends, I can't help thinking there is justice in his plea:

We old men should give the young ones a fair share of liberty,

And if we sin and smart for it, we really can't complain.

Phid. Now consider one more aspect.
Str. Or you'll beat me once again.

Phid. But perhaps it will console you for the pain you've just gone through.

Str. Can you teach me to enjoy it, when I'm beaten black and blue?

- Φει. τὴν μητέρ' ὥσπερ καὶ σὲ τυπτήσω. Στρ. τί δῆτα
 φῖς σύ;
 τοῦθ' ἕτερον αὖ μείζον κακόν. Φει. τί δ' ἦν ἔχων
 τὸν ἦττω
 λόγον σε νικήσω λέγων 1445
 τὴν μητέρ' ὥς τύπτειν χρεών;
 Στρ. τί δ' ἄλλο γ' ἢ ταῦτ' ἦν ποιῆς
 οὐδέν σε κωλύσει σεαυ-
 τὸν ἐμβαλεῖν ἐς τὸ βάραθρον
 μετὰ Σωκράτους 1450
 καὶ τὸν λόγον τὸν ἦττω.
 ταυτὶ δι' ὑμᾶς, ὦ Νεφέλαι, πέπονθ' ἐγώ,
 ὑμῖν ἀναθεῖς ἅπαντα τὰμὰ πράγματα.
 Χορ. αὐτὸς μὲν οὖν σαυτῷ σὺ τούτων αἴτιος,
 στρέψας σεαυτὸν ἐς πονηρὰ πράγματα. 1455
 Στρ. τί δῆτα ταῦτ' οὐ μοι τότε ἡγορεύετε,
 ἀλλ' ἄνδρ' ἄγροικον καὶ γέροντ' ἐπήρετε;
 Χορ. ἡμεῖς ποιοῦμεν ταῦθ' ἐκάστοθ', ὄντων' ἂν
 γινώμεν πονηρῶν ὄντ' ἐραστὴν πραγμάτων,
 ἕως ἂν αὐτὸν ἐμβάλωμεν εἰς κακόν, 1460
 ὅπως ἂν εἰδῇ τοὺς θεοὺς δεδοικέναι.
 Στρ. ὦμοι, πονηρὰ γ', ὦ Νεφέλαι, δίκαια δέ.
 οὐ γάρ μ' ἐχρῆν τὰ χρήμαθ' ἀδανεισάμην
 ἀποστερεῖν. νῦν οὖν ὅπως, ὦ φίλτατε,
 τὸν Χαιρεφῶντα τὸν μιαρὸν καὶ Σωκράτην 1465
 ἀπολεῖς μετελθών, οἱ σὲ κἄμ' ἐξηπάτων.
 Φει. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν ἀδικήσαιμι τοὺς διδασκάλους.
 Στρ. ναὶ ναί, καταιδέσθητι πατρῶον Δία.
 Φει. ἰδοὺ γε Δία πατρῶον· ὥς ἀρχαῖος εἶ.
 Ζεὺς γάρ τις ἔστιν; Στρ. ἔστιν. Φει. οὐκ ἔστ',
 οὐκ, ἐπεὶ 1470
 Δῖνος βασιλεύει, τὸν Δι' ἐξεληλακώς.
 Στρ. οὐκ ἐξελέηλακ', ἀλλ' ἐγὼ τοῦτ' ὥρμην,

Phid. I intend to beat my mother too.

Str. How dare you, sir? Good Lord!

You get worse and worse each minute.

Phid. Well, just let me have a word,

And unless the Worse Argument's lost all its beauty,

I'll prove that to beat one's own mother's a duty.

Str. If you prove that, all the faster

Are you bound to go to Hell

With Socrates, your master,

And your Arguments as well.

And it's you I've got to blame,

You Clouds, to whom I prayed,

You have played me a low game,

When you promised me your aid.

Chor. No, no, you've only got yourself to blame:

You chose base means, and you have suffered for it.

Str. Then why didn't you tell me this at once

Instead of luring on a poor old rustic?

Chor. Because we always do this every time

We meet a man attracted to low ways:

It's best, we think, to bring him into trouble,

And then he learns to reverence the gods.

Str. It's a hard lesson, Clouds, but it's deserved.

I ought not to have tried to steal the money

That I had borrowed. Come, Phidippides,

Let's make an end of that beast Chaerephon

And Socrates, who cheated both of us.

Phid. I'll take no part in injuring my masters.

Str. 'Yea, thou shalt worship Zeus, thy fathers' god.'

Phid. 'My fathers' god!' you're dreadfully old-fashioned.

Does Zeus exist?

Str. He does.

Phid. Indeed he doesn't:

'Vortex is king, and he has banished Zeus.'

Str. He has not banished him, though I once thought so,

- διὰ τουτονὶ τὸν δῖνον. οἷμοι δεῖλαιος.
 Φει. ἐνταῦθα σαυτῷ παραφρόνει καὶ φληνάφα. 1475
 Στρ. οἷμοι παρανοίας· ὥς ἐμαινόμενη ἄρα,
 ὅτ' ἐξέβαλλον τοὺς θεοὺς διὰ Σωκράτην.
 ἀλλ', ὦ φίλ' Ἑρμῇ, μηδαμῶς θύμαινέ μοι,
 μηδὲ μ' ἐπιτρίψῃς, ἀλλὰ συγγνώμην ἔχε
 ἐμοῦ παρανοήσαντος ἄδολεσχία. 1480
 καί μοι γενοῦ ξύμβουλος, εἴτ' αὐτοὺς γραφὴν
 διωκάθω γραψάμενος, εἴθ' ὃ τι σοι δοκεῖ.—
 ὀρθῶς παραινεῖς οὐκ ἔων δικορραφεῖν,
 ἀλλ' ὥς τάχιστ' ἐμπιμπράναι τὴν οἰκίαν
 τῶν ἄδολεσχῶν. δεῦρο δεῦρ', ὦ Ξανθία, 1485
 κλίμακα λαβὼν ἔξελθε καὶ σμινύην φέρων,
 κάπειτ' ἐπαναβὰς ἐπὶ τὸ φροντιστήριον
 τὸ τέγος κατάσκαπτ', εἰ φιλεῖς τὸν δεσπότην,
 ἕως ἂν αὐτοῖς ἐμβάλῃς τὴν οἰκίαν·
 ἐμοὶ δὲ δῶδ' ἐνεγκάτω τις ἡμμένην, 1490
 κἀγὼ τιν' αὐτῶν τήμερον δοῦναι δίκην
 ἐμοὶ ποιήσω, κεὶ σφόδρ' εἴς' ἀλαζόνες.

ΜΑΘΗΤΗΣ.

- Μαθ. ἰοὺ ἰού.
 Στρ. σὸν ἔργον, ὦ δᾶς, ἰέναι πολλὴν φλόγα.
 Μαθ. ἄνθρωπε, τί ποιεῖς; Στρ. ὃ τι ποιῶ; τί δ'
 ἄλλο γ' ἢ 1495
 διαλεπτολογοῦμαι ταῖς δοκοῖς τῆς οἰκίας.
 Μαθ. οἷμοι, τίς ἡμῶν πυρπολεῖ τὴν οἰκίαν;
 Στρ. ἐκείνος οὐπερ θοῖμάτιον εἰλήφατε.
 Μαθ. ἀπολεῖς ἀπολεῖς. Στρ. τοῦτ' αὐτὸ γὰρ καὶ
 βούλομαι,
 ἦν ἢ σμινύῃ μοι μὴ προδῶ τὰς ἐλπίδας, 1500
 ἦ γὰρ πρότερόν πως ἐκτραχηλισθῶ πεσών.

Thanks to this vortex of philosophy.

Phid. Stop here, and gibber to yourself—I'm going.

[*Exit PHIDIPPIDES.*]

Str. I have been mad. It was an evil day
When I drove out the gods for Socrates.
But, O Lord Hermes, be not wrath with me ;
Humble me not, be merciful, forgive
The folly that I learnt from idle talk.
And give me counsel : shall I bring a summons
And have them up or—what d'you think is best ?
Yes, yes, that's right : I mustn't prosecute,
But set their house on fire immediately,
The silly chatterers. Here, Xanthias,
Come out and bring a ladder and an axe :
Then just climb up on to the Thinking-School
And hack the roof in, if you love your master,
Until you bring the house about their ears.
Here, let me have a lighted torch at once ;
I'll take it out of some of them to-day
For what I've suffered, spite of all their brag.

[*Enter PUPIL.*]

Pup. Fire, Fire !

Str. 'Torch, 'tis thy task to scatter the broad flame.'

Pup. Here, what are you doing ?

Str. Doing ? why of course

I'm chopping logic up among the beams.

Pup. Help ! some one's setting the whole house on fire.

Str. Yes, it's the man whose cloak you've got inside.

Pup. You'll kill us all.

Str. That's what I want to do,
If my good axe doesn't betray my hopes,
And I don't fall off first and break my neck.

ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ.

Σω. οὗτος, τί ποιεῖς ἐτεόν, οὐπὶ τοῦ τέγους;

Στρ. ἀεροβατῶ καὶ περιφρονῶ τὸν ἥλιον.

Σω. οἴμοι τάλας, δείλαιος ἀποπνιγήσομαι.

Μαθ. ἐγὼ δὲ κακοδαίμων γε κατακαυθήσομαι.

1505

Στρ. τί γὰρ μαθόντες τοὺς θεοὺς ὑβρίζετε,
καὶ τῆς σελήνης ἐσκοπεῖσθε τὴν ἔδραν;
δίωκε, βάλλε, παῖε, πολλῶν οὔνεκα,
μάλιστα δ' εἰδὼς τοὺς θεοὺς ὥς ἡδίκουν.

[Enter SOCRATES.]

Socr. What are you at there, you, up on the roof?

Str. 'I tread the air and look upon the sun.'

Socr. Help! help! I shall be suffocated soon.

Pup. I shall be burnt to death: will no one help?

Str. Too late now! why did you blaspheme the gods

And spy upon the secrets of the moon?

Hack! hew! smash! burn them! they deserve it all.

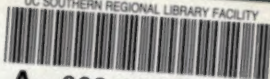
No quarter! these men have denied the gods.

*The Pupils rush out: the fire burns higher: the Clouds
appear in the background laughing.*

Curtain.

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